

THE  
DINNER HOUR

(The scene is the dining room of a large summer hotel. It is the dinner hour and the room is filled with women and girls in flimsy summer gowns, men in white flannels and other fashionable hot-weather toggery and children of all ages in fascinating array. Everybody is talking at once.)

Middle-Aged Woman (who has forgotten to dust the powder off her left cheek, who wears wonderful curls and is surrounded by everything on the bill of fare)—I simply can't eat a thing and the doctor said I needed to be built up. There's iron in this water and that'll give me an appetite!

Thin Woman (across from her)—Did you ever try pulled hayseed for weak stomachs?

Girl (with a yellow ribbon wound through her hair and a neck a foot long)—And that my gracefulness was what first attracted him to me. Of course, I don't believe a thing a man says, but Jack never says things unless he means them! He's an awfully clever, discerning sort of man—

Other Girl (plump and snub-nosed)—Why, I think he's the stupidest ever! Just naturally slow and clumsy! And the way he squints when he tries to be sentimental—

First Girl—Dear me, Grace! I never say any one who thought every man who barely glanced at her was trying to make love to her as you do! Why, he never looked at any one but me both times he's been here—

Youngish Woman (with a wasp waist and the best brand of rouge)—He did, Henry! He grabbed Jimmie by the nose of the neck and shook him! Are you going to stand that sort of thing—having a great hulking boy of seventeen beat your innocent child, who's only nine? Well, Jimmie must not always mind. I will say that he has a perfectly angelic disposition if he's handled properly. He's sensitive and I'm glad of it, for of all creatures I detest that huge boy, who hasn't any feelings at all. Jimmie wasn't doing a thing, not a single thing! Why, I did ask that other boy and he made some ridiculous excuse about Jimmie having emptied into the lake all his hair he had just gone two miles to get! I think it showed Jimmie's tender heart to want to put the little minnows back into the water, where I'm sure they're much happier than they were in a tin pail with holes in it. And, anyhow, he's eight years older than Jimmie and his schoolmates are always in the way, and you've just got to do something about it, or—

Youth of Twenty (lavender tie, socks and handkerchiefs)—Didn't you see her when she came in, Billy? A peach—look over by the east window—in pink. Motor that!

Other Youth—Betchu I get introduced first! Betchu I take little Goldilocks for the first walk this evening—

Dispersed Old Gentleman—If the management doesn't stop these children shrieking while people are trying to eat a peaceful dinner, I'll leave! I won't stand it! I—

His Wife—Now, Richard, do be sensible! You were a child once—

He—Well, my mother kept me at home where I belonged and didn't trapse off to a summer resort and make every one miserable! Why, they played tag down our hall at six o'clock this morning!

Pretty Woman in Blue—You are perfectly ridiculous!

Her Husband—I guess I can see! I guess I'm not blind, though you may think I am! It was exactly 35 minutes by the clock that you sat in that corner of the porch with him, whispering! Yes, you were!

Pretty Woman—I won't listen to such absurd—

Her Husband—You'll listen till I get through, and I want to say right here—

Young Man—Roast beef and the salad and all the vegetables, and say! Some of the lamb, too, and anything else that's handy—Bring me two kinds of pie and ice cream! And the cake and the cheese! And coffee, Sadio, don't forget the coffee!

Boy of five hits his little sister in the face with his pineapple fritter. Dash shrik!

Their Mother (to their father, as she removes the smitten one for repairs)—Arthur, don't be harsh with Willie, now. Remember, he's a nervous child! Look out—he's putting a grasshopper down that little girl's neck!

(In the resultant pandemonium, Willie spills a glass of milk over his father's suit and is dragged out, yelling.)

Dispersed Old Gent—I hope he gets licked! I hope he gets licked! Maria, pass the butter!

Dressed in Style.  
Western State Robber—Hold up y'r hands!

Scared Passenger—Yes, yes, yes, of course.

Robber (gallantly)—Beg pardon, lady, you needn't hold your up! Put 'em down again!

Lady—My hands are not up. Those are my shoulder pads—New York Weekly.

Polly and the  
Prophecy

By Stanley Barton

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

The fortune teller held Polly's little hand and gazed long and shrewdly into her eyes. The fortune teller was a woman, and therefore Polly did not blush, as she was wont to do under the admiring stare of men.

Nevertheless, Polly was uneasy. There seemed to be a set grimace about the tense mouth of this oddly-dressed seer that boded ill for the diminutive one before her.

"You would penetrate the future," began the fortune teller, "and you have come to me to find out what is in store for you. Well, child, young woman, I will tell you, listen! An old man with money is to enter into your life. The stars tell me that you will greet him with open arms."

"I won't," protested the rebellious Polly. She had in mind, as she spoke, the sturdy Jimmy Hamilton, whom she had refused for the third time that morning.

"The stars do not lie," chided the fortune teller. "An old man will enter your life, and his impetuosity will fairly take your breath away. He will be old, but he has money."

"I won't hear a bit more," came from Polly angrily, and in a turbulent state of mind she drew her haughty little self indignantly out of the camp chair and flounced from the tent.

Polly Edmunds wasn't superstitious, and it was absurd to believe that she had gone to the fortune teller except through gentle curiosity.



"You Would Penetrate the Future."

but it was enough to make any self-respecting girl angry the suggestive words of that parchment-skinned, silly-looking Roumanian. She wouldn't believe, and she knew very well that she would always remain true to Jimmy Hamilton; he of the dark brown hair and blue eyes—Jimmy Hamilton, who could twist his love words and phrases to the dullest proposals ever bringing the blues to the cheeks of a maid. She would not receive any hideous old millionaire with open arms!

Polly was in a terrible state of mind when the luckless Jimmy caught her from across street and hastened to join her.

"You!" she stamped a foot in the fine frenzy of her rage. "As if I didn't have trouble enough without you coming along!"

Jimmy smiled and continued to plod cheerfully along at her side. "If I had a mouthful of vulgar gold teeth," contributed the girl spitefully, "I'm sure I would keep it closed and not be always grinning like a Cheshire cat! It's what I call an ostentatious display of riches."

Without a word of protest Jimmy obediently pulled his lips to a straight line.

"Are you dumb?" asked the fair vixen. "Can't you talk? Have you lost your voice? For gracious sake, say something! You get on my nerves."

"It's a fine day," observed Jimmy Hamilton.

Polly glared. "You ought to read the advertisements and take a course in general intelligence."

The unabashed Jimmy laughed heartily. "You are the original little cross-patch," he enthused. "The tobacco sauce, as it were, to the dull routine of life in Greenville. Really, I am proud of you, Polly. But why this most becoming reticence?"

"I don't know why I should tell you my troubles," observed the girl. "You haven't any sympathy—and, besides, I have decided to have nothing more to do with you. There!"

"I commend you on your decision," remarked the youth at her side. "But, honestly, dear, it's not original, and you don't mean it. I'm the only chap in the town weather-beaten enough to survive these sudden storms, of which the present one-sided altercation is but a reasonably fair example."

"You like to hear yourself talk," snapped the maid. "You are simply eaten up with egotism. Some day your head will expand to the bursting point and prove the vacuum that I have long suspected."

Polly, in her tempestuous way suddenly turned the conversation. "I have been to the fortune teller; if you must know!"

## LAW BUSINESS IN GERMANY

Lawyers Are Not Allowed to Advertise, and Their Fees Are Fixed by Statute.

The German law fixes the exact fees which a German attorney has to claim for all kinds of professional work and the reichtsanwalt can charge neither more nor less.

These fees apply to all matters of the civil code and of criminal cases. The amount, according to the Green Bag, depends exclusively on the value of the object of contention.

It is an old though still unfulfilled wish of German lawyers to have a new fixed list of fees—not made after the old and low standard of the year 1878, but made with consideration to the changes—the numerous decided changes—which have taken place since that year.

The reichtsanwalt is attorney and counselor at law all in one (in English, solicitor and barrister). The reichtsanwalt can never be a business man as is the case in the United States.

The exercise of the law is not to be considered a calling or profession, but is to be looked on more as a public office. According to the lawyers' code of the 1st of July, 1878, lawyers are charged publicly with certain duties.

He is obliged to have his residence in the town or district where he is appointed (so-called residence duty). Further, he must conduct himself in and out of office in a way befitting his professional and social standing (i.e., duty due to his rank). This is forbidden to advertise in newspapers, by canvassing, etc., or to buy or take over a practice already made, as being unworthy of his calling.

His position in society is between officials and scholars and through custom and law he is compelled to keep the position to the last degree. This compulsion to keep one's rank has given rise to the existence of committees called "anwaltskammern," whose duty it is to keep a strict watch that no lawyer dishonors his calling. These committees have a strict code of punishment, ranging to complete expulsion from office. In this way the lawyers in Germany have a good and honored position; in fact, there is scarcely a country in which the lawyer enjoys more respect and confidence.

GOOD RUSSIAN LABOR LAWS

Czar's Kingdom Makes Unique Claim to Having Best Statutes on Globe.

Russia having been denounced all over the world as the worst oppressor of the working people, now comes forward with the unique claim that she has the best labor laws on the globe.

Russia declares that "pluck-me" stores cannot exist in the country, as they do in America, for example. Employers are compelled to pay wages in cash, not in food, clothing, etc., and bosses discharging the law are fined \$25 to \$150.

The employer is also required to take hygienic care of his laborers and to supply them medical attendance free of charge. In a factory where a thousand persons are employed a hospital with at least ten beds must be provided and all medical attention free. The working day is limited between six a. m. and seven p. m. Labor on Sundays and 40 holidays in the year is prohibited, except in cases of actual necessity, and not more than 120 hours overtime may be worked in any year. On the other hand, employers may fine hands for any of the three causes: First, for defective work; second, for absence without sufficient cause; third, for infraction of shop regulations. In determining what is defective work the employer is not the sole judge. The government factory inspector may be appealed to. Fines are calculated by the nature of defects and not by the less sustained by the employer. Fines for absence without sufficient cause may not be imposed unless the absence is for at least a half day. No fine for absence on account of fire, flood, illness of the workman's wife or parents, or death of either. Strikes are prohibited and punishable by imprisonment, depending on the damage caused. The government also punishes employers by imprisonment not to exceed three months and prohibits them from managing a factory for two years.

Infant Mortality.

The department of health ascribes the high death rate among babies in hot weather to the ignorance of the mothers, and for their education has issued a simple list of rules for nursing infants, printed in several languages, and urging that prompt notification of illness be sent to the branches of the department. The mortality among babies is found to be highest among the negroes, the Italians ranking second and the Russians third. The Yiddish speaking population of the lower East side has a comparatively good record—Medical Record.

Very Sorry, But—

"Alas, I could only share the tremendous sorrows of magazine editors."

"Borrowal Why do they have any sorrows?"

"Do they? Don't they? Every letter I get from any one of them breathes regret!"

Accounted For.

Bacon—This paper says that the German emperor has 76 titles."

Egbert—I always wondered what made the ends of his mustache turn up so—Yonkers Statesman.

## GETTING CLOSE TO NATURE

Agent Enumerates the Various Advantages of Summer Camp to Modern Individual.

"I think you will find this camp all right," said the agent, insinuatingly. "You might go over its advantages again," said the modern individual, who wanted to get close to nature.

"Well, it has hot and cold running water, 14 bathrooms, or a bath with practically every suite. The electric plant is complete in every respect, and besides light, furnishes motive power for electric runabouts and a vacuum cleaner, not to mention a complete cooking outfit. Several of our best rangers are represented in the art gallery, and we are in hopes of adding an old master or two before the summer is over, if we can get them finished in time."

"What means of communication?"

"Private wire to Wall street, long-distance telephone and a wireless plant."

"Can an aeroplane come down near?"

"Special landing place for aeroplanes in rear of camp—just been cleared."

"What is the price?"

"Ten thousand a month."

"I was in hopes I could get something cheaper."

"Hardly. You see, the camp trust has bought up everything."

"I understand. Well, I suppose I shall have to take it. The doctor has said that my children need the air, and—"

"Very sorry, sir, but we don't take children. The only thing for you to do is to hire the roof of some New York office building. Altitude about the same, you know."

## UNEXPECTEDLY INTERRUPTED

It Took Nine Negro Farm Hands to Round Up Startled Larkery Man.

In the days when Col. Charles Edwards, former secretary of the Democratic congressional campaign committee, was traveling for a commercial concern, he reached a little southern town on one occasion, when the only hotel there was crowded. Edwards insisted he had to have a room for the night, and the clerk finally told him that there was one room he could share with another man.

"But," he concluded, "you'll have to sleep in the same bed with him."

Edwards agreed to this, and as it was late at night, went to the room he thought had been assigned to him. He hastily prepared for bed and quietly lay down beside his bed fellow. Later in the night he awoke and saw a man sitting at the foot of the bed reading by the light of a candle.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Edwards, sitting up. "Are you going to put a third fellow into this bed?"

"Without a word, but with a terrified expression on his face, the man who had been reading dived through the window, carrying with him most of the window sash. Edwards looked around, and saw that the man he had been sleeping with was a corpse. He had gotten into the wrong room."

"It took nine negro farm hands," says Edwards, in ending the story, "to round up that literary fellow for breakfast in the morning."

Professor Likes Skunk Meat.

According to Prof. Frank E. Wood of the Illinois state laboratory, the popular skunk is good to eat as well as being otherwise useful. That the flesh of the much dreaded beast is white, tender and of a delicious flavor if the scent glands are removed is the assertion of the savant. Professor Wood gives no recipe for the capture of the animal, but does not tell just how one is to be enabled to enjoy the meat.

"No animal is more unjustly persecuted than the skunk," asserts Professor Wood. "It is the best friend the farmer has, destroying enormous quantities of grubs, beetles, grasshoppers, mice and moles."

The Vicious Circle.

"The Washington people smile down upon the folks over in Alexandria, Va.," said a philosopher on a Potomac Boatboat, "and the Alexandrians laugh at the natives back in Fairfax Court House, and the Fairfax natives poke fun at the one-galleged chaps that live down on Pohick Creek."

"And the Pohick folks?" he was asked; "where do they play even?"

"Oh, they give their turn splitting the poor devils in Washington that has to wear their Sunday clothes every day in the week, and 's got to come way down to Pohick Creek when they wants to go coon-huntin'."

The Recount.

"The census didn't give Plunkville enough population. Our congressman oughter sit up a recount."

"He says it can't be did."

"It must be did. He got himself a recount when he was running for the job."

Disadvantage of Veracity.

Washington boasted he couldn't tell a lie.

"Then you will have to own up that you didn't enjoy your vacation," his father replied.

Herewith the youthful George shivered at the prospect.

## Dr. F. E. Bush

DENTIST  
Saginaw, - - Michigan

Office over Lewis & Co's Drug Store,  
Saginaw, - - Michigan

Office Hours—9 to 11 a. m. 2 to 4 p. m.  
Residence on Peninsular Avenue, opposite G. A. R. Hall.

H. H. Merriman, M. D.  
Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE.  
East of Opera House.

A. F. Burnham M. D.  
Physician and Surgeon

Office next door to Olson's Drug Store  
Office Hours—9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

G. A. Canfield, D. D. S.  
DENTIST

OFFICE:  
Over Alexander's Law Office on Michigan Avenue.  
Office hours: 8:30-11 a. m., 1-3:30 p. m.

GEO. L. ALEXANDER  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Pine Lands  
Bought and sold on Commission.  
None-Residents' Lands looked after.  
Office on Michigan Avenue, first door east of Bank of Grayling.

Frank G. Walton  
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Collectors promptly attended to.  
Offices over Lewis & Co's Drug Store.

Wm. A. Montgomery  
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Grayling, Michigan.  
Chicago, Ill., 79 Dearborn st.

O. Palmer  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
AND NOTARY

Prosecuting Attorney for Crawford Co.  
FIRE INSURANCE.

The Crown Chemical Co.,  
Manufacturers of

Wood Turpentine, Paint and Tar Oils,  
Creosote Oils, Paints, Varnishes,  
Tree Protector Lotions, Dyes, etc.  
Factory, General Offices,  
Grayling, Mich. Toledo, Ohio.

WRITE  
ALPENA MARBLE & GRANITE CO.  
for prices on

Monuments & Headstones  
and all kinds of cemetery work.  
ALPENA, MICHIGAN.

Fire Alarm Calls.

Directions for Ringing Alarm.  
Break glass and turn the lever once around until it stops; you can only turn it one way. Do not turn in a second time, until lever has stopped moving.

Where Located.  
49—Michigan and Peninsular Avenues, near Olson's drug store.  
28—Michigan Avenue and Spruce east of Court House.  
32—Michigan Avenue and Norway St. M. C. R. Depot.  
37—Ontario Street, at Rose House.  
43—Ogemaw and Cedar streets, near McKay House.  
46—Spruce and Ionia streets, near Julius Nelson's house.  
54—Michigan Ave. and Park street near Chris Hanson's house.  
55—Ogemaw and Maple streets near John Hanson's house.

64—Salling, Hanson Co., Planting mill.  
73—Salling, Hanson Co., Band mill.  
82—Kerry, Hanson, Flooring mill.  
91—Railroad Reserve, south side on Electric light pole.

Remarkable Day of Weddings.

In this age of "records" the statistics of the wedding solemnized on a recent Sunday in Vienna deserve to be registered. No fewer than 4,000 couples were married and 230 silver weddings were celebrated in the 78 parish churches of the capital. In two churches the total was 70 each, and in many others the number surpassed 50. In order to prevent the unusual demand for their services from interfering with the regular celebration of mass, the clergy disposed of the candidates for wedlock in batches of ten and twenty at a time.

## Dr. F. E. Bush

DENTIST  
Saginaw, - - Michigan

Office over Lewis & Co's Drug Store,  
Saginaw, - - Michigan

Office Hours—9 to 11 a. m. 2 to 4 p. m.  
Residence on Peninsular Avenue, opposite G. A. R. Hall.

H. H. Merriman, M. D.  
Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE.  
East of Opera House.

A. F. Burnham M. D.  
Physician and Surgeon

Office next door to Olson's Drug Store  
Office Hours—9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

G. A. Canfield, D. D. S.  
DENTIST

OFFICE:  
Over Alexander's Law Office on Michigan Avenue.  
Office hours: 8:30-11 a. m., 1-3:30 p. m.

GEO. L. ALEXANDER  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Pine Lands  
Bought and sold on Commission.  
None-Residents' Lands looked after.  
Office on Michigan Avenue, first door east of Bank of Grayling.

Frank G. Walton  
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Collectors promptly attended to.  
Offices over Lewis & Co's Drug Store.

Wm. A. Montgomery  
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Grayling, Michigan.  
Chicago, Ill., 79 Dearborn st.

O. Palmer  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
AND NOTARY

Prosecuting Attorney for Crawford Co.  
FIRE INSURANCE.

The Crown Chemical Co.,  
Manufacturers of

Wood Turpentine, Paint and Tar Oils,  
Creosote Oils, Paints, Varnishes,  
Tree Protector Lotions, Dyes, etc.  
Factory, General Offices,  
Grayling, Mich. Toledo, Ohio.

WRITE  
ALPENA MARBLE & GRANITE CO.  
for prices on

Monuments & Headstones  
and all kinds of cemetery work.  
ALPENA, MICHIGAN.

Fire Alarm Calls.

Directions for Ringing Alarm.  
Break glass and turn the lever once around until it stops; you can only turn it one way. Do not turn in a second time, until lever has stopped moving.

Where Located.  
49—Michigan and Peninsular Avenues, near Olson's drug store.  
28—Michigan Avenue and Spruce east of Court House.  
32—Michigan Avenue and Norway St. M. C. R. Depot.  
37—Ontario Street, at Rose House.  
43—Ogemaw and Cedar streets, near McKay House.  
46—Spruce and Ionia streets, near Julius Nelson's house.  
54—Michigan Ave. and Park street near Chris Hanson's house.  
55—Ogemaw and Maple streets near John Hanson's house.

64—Salling, Hanson Co., Planting mill.  
73—Salling, Hanson Co., Band mill.  
82—Kerry, Hanson, Flooring mill.  
91—Railroad Reserve, south side on Electric light pole.

Remarkable Day of Weddings.

In this age of "records" the statistics of the wedding solemnized on a recent Sunday in Vienna deserve to be registered. No fewer than 4,000 couples were married and 230 silver weddings were celebrated in the 78 parish churches of the capital. In two churches the total was 70 each, and in many others the number surpassed 50. In order to prevent the unusual demand for their services from interfering with the regular celebration of mass, the clergy disposed of the candidates for wedlock in batches of ten and twenty at a time.

## IN GRAYLING

Every Month the 18, 19 and 20th.  
Office over "Lewis" Drug Store,  
All Operations Painless.  
All Work Guaranteed.

Successor to Crawford County Exchange Bank.  
MARIUS HANSON  
PROPRIETOR.

Interest paid on certificates of deposit. Collections promptly attended to. All accommodations extended that are consistent with safe and conservative banking.  
MARIUS HANSON, Cashier.

Village Officers.  
President..... John F. Hum  
Clerk..... S. S. Phelps Jr.  
Assessor..... Fred Nardin  
Treasurer..... H. Hanson  
Justices—R. W. Brink, A. Taylor, C. C. Jerome, S. N. Insley, Chas. McCullough, W. Jorgenson.

Society Meetings.

Methodist Episcopal Church.  
Pastor Rev. J. C. Wood. Preaching 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m. Epworth League, 6:00 p. m. Prayer Meeting, Thursday evening, 7:30 p. m. All cordially invited to attend.

Presbyterian Church.  
Regular church services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School immediately after morning service. Y. P. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend the above services.

Methodist Protestant Church.  
Rev. R. Cunningham, Pastor. Services as follows:











## Crawford Avalanche.

By PAUL H. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

**RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
One Year ..... \$1.50  
Six Months ..... .75  
Three Months ..... .40

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY Oct. 27

## HomeCircleDepartment

A column dedicated to Tired Mothers as they join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Crude thoughts as they fall from the Editorial Pen—Pleasant Evening Reveries.

A man builds a bridge and he is a great man. Another man puts up a cathedral and he is a great man. But he who gives a man an idea which changes his life for good is the greatest of all.

### TRUTHS.

The post of honor is the post of duty. Let nothing be undone which ought to be done.

Small profits, little risk; large profits, great risks. The best kind of a picnic is a pick at Old Nick.

Something wrong when a man is afraid of himself. Honesty is better capital than a sharper's cunning.

Whose credit is suspected is not safe to be trusted.

A true man never frets about his place in this world. Employ no one to do what you can easily do yourself.

Better to die at the post of duty than to live elsewhere.

### BITS OF WISDOM.

There is no secret of success but work.

The mind of a good man is a kingdom to him and he can always enjoy it.

Many run after felicity like a man hunting for his hat; while it is on his head.

Take pleasure in your work. A task which appears distasteful at first sight soon becomes pleasure.

Endurance is more valuable than cleverness. It is the patient, steady plodder who gains and keeps fortune.

When benignity and gentleness reign within we are in least danger from without; every person and every occurrence is beheld in the most favorable light.

A graceful behavior toward others is a constant source of pleasure; it pleases others because it indicates respect for their personality, and it gives tenfold more pleasure to ourselves.

### DEAD FAILURES.

The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do; or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves.

So we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making plowshares, and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shovels, axes, and doctored up the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence, and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences.

While there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions, or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literature.

There are children who early develop natural affinities for certain styles of work. When the father of the astronomer Forbes was going to London he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer cried out, "Bring me a telescope!" And there are children who find all by themselves drawing on their slates or on paper, ships or houses or birds, and you know they are to be draftsmen or artists of some kind. And you find others ciphering out difficult problems with rare interest and success, and you know they are to be mathematicians. And others making wheels and strange contrivances, and you know they are going to be machinists. And other are found experimenting with hoe and plow and sickle and you know they will be farmers. And others are always swapping jack-knives or balls or bats and making something by the bargain and they are going to be merchants.

### Figs and Thistles.

The eagle does not sing, but it soars. No man who thinks wrong can live right.

Love will win where gun powder would fail. The fig tree does not bloom but it bears fruit.

Infidelity cannot point to any fulfilled prophecies. God's hardest work is to reveal Himself to the sinner.

There is no deed more heroic than to say no to yourself.

God will go where the humblest child is not welcome.

The first prayer was made by the man who had the first need.

A holy life is the best answer that can be made to infidelity.

People are not vain except when they have no knowledge.

There is nothing for which the heart yearns more than sympathy. The man who turns his back on God turns his back on his own good. The devil always keeps the hinges of the gate of death well greased. There are no free passes given on any of the roads that lead to the pit. The serpent cannot fly, but knows enough to catch birds that can. The more people need friends the more they will appreciate kindness. You can not pray for yourself and leave the people you don't like out. No man ever really prays for anything that he is not willing to die for. Religion is not something you can take home and keep for your own use. Many men tie their horses carefully but let their tongues run loose. The first mile on the road to Hell looks as though it led straight to Heaven. The man who lives to please himself will find that he has a hard master. This life will mean more when we realize that it is the pathway to the next.

## REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET

Governor—Chase S. Osborn, Sault Ste. Marie.  
Lieutenant Governor—John Q. Ross, Muskegon.  
Supreme Court Justice—John E. Bird, Adrian.  
Secretary of State—Frederick C. Martindale, Detroit.  
State Treasurer—Albert E. Sleeper, Lexington.  
Auditor General—Oramel B. Fuller, Ford River.  
State Land Commissioner—Huntley Russell, Grand Rapids.  
Attorney General—Franz C. Kuhn, Mt. Clemens.  
Chairman State Central Committee—W. F. Knox, Sault Ste. Marie.

## DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

Governor—Lawton T. Hemans, Mason.  
Lieutenant Governor—Stephan D. Williams, Detroit.  
Secretary of State—Adolph W. Peterson, Dowagiac.  
Attorney General—Thomas J. Brennan, Dowagiac.  
Auditor General—Rial W. McArthur, Grand Rapids.  
Commissioner of the State Land Office—Orlando F. Barnes, Roscommon.  
State Treasurer—Thomas Gordon, Jr., Howell.  
Supreme Court Justice—Marl W. Norris, Grand Rapids.

## PROHIBITION STATE TICKET.

Governor—Fred W. Corbett, Lansing.  
Lieutenant Governor—Uriah Massalin, Big Rapids, by petition.  
Supreme Court Justice—W. H. D. Fox, Mt. Clemens.  
Secretary of State—George A. Young, Owosso.  
State Treasurer—Fred M. Beal, State Land Commissioner—D. M. Pickett, Detroit.  
Attorney General—Elmer R. Thompson, Grand Rapids.

### Think It Over Again.

If there are any Michigan Republicans who have it now in mind to desert their party candidates and their party principals through voting for democratic candidates at the coming election there are some questions they should seriously consider before carrying out that intention.

Would a democratic victory in 1910 increase the wages of any worker in the country?

Would it start a single wheel in operation which is idle now?

Would it broaden the market for any fabric which any American mill produces?

Would it sell an additional bushel of corn or wheat, bale of cotton, pound of meat or anything else which the farmer or the planter produces?

No sane person among the 90,000,000 people of the country will answer any of these queries in the affirmative.

Complaint is made that the cost of living is too high. Would the election of a democratic congress this year, or a democratic president and congress two years hence lower the cost?

Would it reduce the rent of a tenement anywhere?

Would it cut the price of a yard of cloth, a pair of shoes, a barrel of flour or anything whatever which anybody wears or eats?

Any person who answers yes to any of these latter queries will do so upon the assumption that a democratic victory would close factories and shops, throw hundreds of thousands out of employment, and, by reducing the purchasing power of everybody, compel producers to lower their prices in order to sell anything at all.

This result has accompanied democratic victories of other years. Not in the memory of men and women living today has the democratic party given to this country conditions which added to work or to the wages or to prosperity in any section of the union or to any single line of national development or individual prosperity.

The democratic party in this campaign stands for the very same policies which have always in the past proven so disastrous.

Think it over again, you voter of Michigan, who have had it in mind to experiment again in the direction that always in the past has brought regret and retribution.

### Philly Politics.

Tuesday evening our Democratic friends opened the campaign in this county with Hon. T. J. Brennan, their candidate for the office of Atty. General, as the star performer. The speaker arrived on one of the mid-day trains, and made a tour of the business places in the village, a genial, frank appearing gentleman, who is serving a second term as Pros. Atty. in Cass Co.

He was escorted to the hall by the Citizens' Band, whose music was appreciated and acknowledged by him as the "Best."

He was introduced to the audience by L. T. Wright, candidate for Pros. Atty. of this county, whose long residence here and acquaintance in the county, might give him a strong pull if he was on the other ticket. The speaker started with compliments to the personal character of the opposing candidates, present and past, and then nearly every political crime known, first saying that "he was only going to present facts which could not be contradicted." Having no stenographer present we cannot follow him through, but give a few of his "facts" as samples, which will be recognized by any one present.

After reviewing the "rottenness" of the administration for the past ten years and the broken Republican promises, in referring to the present candidates for Governor, he said, and repeated several times, that "two years ago Mr. Hemans carried every county south of the Straits, but that Mr. Warner was elected, because the returns from the four great iron and copper counties of the Upper Peninsula were held back by the 'massacre' managed by Chase Osborn, until they learned how many votes must be shown from there to overcome Hemans' majority south of the Straits, and when their returns came in it was found that Warner was elected by a very small majority."

His next "Phoney Phrase" was that in the late primary election, "Mr. Muskegon carried the lower peninsula and the same tactics was pursued by Mr. Osborn, on two years ago in the Hemans-Warner election, and Osborn was nominated."

In his peroration, he repeated the "Fact" that "in 1908 Mr. Hemans carried every county in the state except the four copper and iron counties which were controlled by Mr. Osborn, who was a large stockholder."

The truth is that in 1908 Mr. Warner had a majority in 44 counties in the lower peninsula and in counties in the upper peninsula, over Mr. Hemans who had a majority in the state, in only 25 counties.

The returns of the late primary election are not yet published by counties in a form to be easily obtained, but the general official figures give Mr. Osborn a much larger percentage, than had Mr. Warner two years ago.

"One other 'funny thing' which is so 'awful funny,' 'don't tell me' was that a late case in Kalamazoo between a Representative of the State Board of Horse Shows, and a Dutch strong in the sheriff, Judge Knapp decided in favor of the show, and the speaker claimed that this decision knocked out one of the useless bars created by the Warner gang, and the balance of the State Board was decided in their platform, if Mr. Hemans was elected."

Although it is important to the people of Michigan to provide for the election of Republican state candidates at the coming election, and to secure the further and continued advantage of Republican legislation that have been given in response to Republican state platform demands, it is equally desirable to secure the election of Republican congressmen and to make certain the return of a Republican United States senator from this state. The interest of the farmers and laboring men, and merchants and manufacturers of Michigan in this connection is by no means merely sentimental. The period of fearing and doubting and waiting that would follow democratic congressional success in the country at large this fall would bring loss to every property holder in Michigan and to every employer and every employee to whom business activity is necessary. The people of Michigan know something of the experience such a result would bring to them. Business doubt means business death, and the question as to what the future would bring in case of democratic congressional victory is one that would bring immediate consequences. Because of their interest in maintaining uninterrupted progress in safe and satisfactory directions, the voters of Michigan are more than ordinarily interested in the election of Republican legislative and congressional candidates at the coming election.

### Philly Politics.

Every year a large number of poor sufferers whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. There's a better way. Let Dr. King's New Discovery cure you at home. "It cured me of lung trouble," writes W. R. Nelson of Calumet, Ark., "when all else failed and I gained 47 pounds in weight. Its sure cure of all cough and lung cures. Thousands owe their lives and health to it. Its positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Asthma, Croup, all Throat and Lung troubles. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at A. M. Lewis & Co's drug store."

Shows Profit in Advertising. A London company has spent \$500,000 in advertising in the last 25 years. This great campaign was launched by an expenditure of \$60.

### Presbyterian Church.

Sunday, Oct. 29, 1910.

Mid week prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Choir meeting with Miss Jacob's Friday evening.

Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Subject—"The Invincible Word."

Sabbath School at 11:45 a. m. A. B. Failing, Supt.

Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m.

"My Denomination's Work in Other Lands."—Leder Miss Case.

Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Subject—"Moody, The Soul Winner, or Prince of Revivalists."

All are cordially invited to attend these services.

J. HUMPHREY FLEMING, Pastor.

### At Just Half Price.

Subscriptions will be accepted for a limited time to the St. Louis Weekly Globe-Democrat, issued twice every week. Send one dollar, promptly and you will get this great Semi-Weekly newspaper two full years. Or send one dollar with another name and the paper will be mailed one year to you and also one year to the other subscriber. Two large papers every week. Eight or more pages each Tuesday and Friday. All the news of all the earth in continuous and connected form. Complete and correct market reports. Ably edited departments for the home and for the farm. Many features of interest and value to every member of the family. Republican in politics. Conservative, dignified, truthful. Reliable, progressive, up-to-date. You will find the Globe-Democrat invaluable during the coming year. Don't miss the biggest newspaper bargain ever offered. Send your order today or write for free sample copy to the Globe Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

As to Uses of Soap. Can surface be done without? According to a member of the English public, it is quite an unnecessary article, and man may be kept clean with plain water. Nations have risen to greatness without soap. Ancient Rome, our old familiar companion, Rome, knew nothing of soap until she came in contact with the Germans and the Gauls, who used it to brighten the color of the hair. Once or twice soap is mentioned in the Old Testament, but it doesn't mean the oily substance that it is today. Painful as it is for Americans who have lived in England to admit it, it would be better for general comfort if more soap was used there. Thus, instead of advancing its cost, let it be lessened and so place the cleansing article within the reach of all. But the new soap combine doesn't view the situation in that light—precisely. It takes the cake and the public pays.

OSTRICHES \$800 A PAIR. Nevertheless, Raising Them is Not a Get Rich Quick Scheme.

The ostrich business in the United States is fairly prosperous, especially in the Salt River valley, Arizona, where 1,500 of the 2,200 ostriches in the country are owned.

This is a new line of animal industry for Americans, and there is much to be learned. We have not thus far produced such fancy birds as have some of the more experienced breeders in South Africa, but the size seems to be increasing and the health of the birds is all that could be desired.

So far serious ostrich diseases have not troubled the American raisers, even the so-called barring of the feathers has not been observed. Ostriches need a hot, dry climate, such as is found in the southwest. The rainy portion of the south is far less desirable, although this is sometimes mentioned as suitable for ostrich raising.

Alfalfa pasture is also essential, and alfalfa will carry four ostriches and, which is of far more importance, will keep them in good health. Our American ostriches are now worth \$800 a pair at four years of age. No one should imagine that ostrich farming is a get rich quick scheme, for the birds are not ready for mating until they become four years old—Country Life in America.

How Far Can You See? What is the farthest limit to which the human vision can reach? Power in his book, "The Eye and Sight," gives the ability to see the star, Alcor, situated at the tail of the Great Bear, as the test. Indeed, the Arabs call it the Test star. It is most extensible to be able to see Jupiter's satellites with the naked eye, though one of two cases are recorded, the third satellite being the most distinct. Peruvians are said to be the longest sighted race on earth. Humboldt records a case where these Indians perceived a human figure 18 miles away, being able to recognize that it was human a day in white. This is probably the record for far sight.

Game Like Baseball. Is no game that can steadily win many spectators during the course of its season as baseball is no sport that gives an opportunity for so many of our boys to enjoy exciting, skillful, developing exercise. In fact, it is conclusively, there is no game adapted to the American boy and man. From Walter Camp's, "The American National Game," in Century.

British House of Lords. The house of lords is almost as old as the British people. Away back in the days of the Hoptarchy we find the assembly known as the "Witanage" or "Council of Wise Men," composed of the leading men in church and state, which assisted the king in the making of the laws of the realm. Naturally, under the circumstances, these big men became the "whole thing," so to speak, and in the course of time they became the "Lords," temporal and spiritual, making up the present house of lords.—London Standard.

## Choice Meats

Fresh or Smoked

Delivered to

Your Kitchen

Phone No. 2

Have you tried our Home-Smoked Hams?

We sell them whole or sliced.

Yours for the

Asking.

Peoples Market

F. H. MILKS Prop'r.

Glenwood Vinyards Co.

growers of

CONCORD GRAPES

Manufacturers of

Pure Grape Wine

Vinyards at

Glenwood, Mich.

Storage at

GRAYLING, MICH.

This wine is made from Selected Grapes from our own vinyards. It is made in a perfectly clean manner. It is a good stimulant for all people. It has the proper qualities for a tonic for those who need it. It is for sale in any quantities in wet countries except by the drink, and is the only stimulant for the local option law allows to be sold in dry counties, and in all dry counties it is for sale in not less than five gallon lots. We respectfully solicit your trade. Price—\$1.00—\$1.50 per gallon.

Represented by

Harvey Hill

at Miss Ballard's, on Norway Street, Aug. 18.

Election Notice.

MICHIGAN DEPARTMENT OF STATE LANSING

To the Sheriff, Crawford County, Grayling, Michigan.

DEAR SIR:—You are hereby notified that at the general election to be held in this State on Tuesday, the eighth day of November, 1910, the following officers are to be voted for in your county:

Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, State Treasurer, Auditor General, Attorney General, Commissioner of the State Land Office, and Justice of the Supreme Court for the term ending December thirty-first, 1911, to fill vacancy in representative in congress for the tenth congressional district, comprising the counties of Alcona, Alpena, Arenac, Bay, Cheboygan, Crawford, Emmet, Gladwin, Isabella, Montcalm, Presque Isle, Roscommon, Saginaw, and Tuscola.

In witness whereof, I have hereto affixed my signature and the Great Seal of the State, at Lansing, this seventh day of August, nineteen hundred and ten.

FREDERICK C. MARTINDALE, Secretary of State.

MICHIGAN DEPARTMENT OF STATE LANSING

To the Sheriff, Crawford County, Grayling, Michigan.

You are hereby notified that an amendment to Section Twelve of Article VIII of the Constitution of this state, relative to the bonded indebtedness of counties, shall be submitted to the qualified electors of your county on Tuesday, November eighth, nineteen hundred and ten.

In witness whereof, I have hereto affixed my signature and the Great Seal of the State, at Lansing, this thirty-first day of August in the thirty-first year of the independence of the United States.

FREDERICK C. MARTINDALE, Secretary of State.

CONNECTIONS:

At Watton for points north and south on G. R. & L. E. R. R.

At Kaleva for points on P. M. R. R.

At Manistee for Chicago and Milwaukee via boat lines.

F. A. MITCHELL, Gen. Traffic Mgr.

D. RIBLY, Gen. Pass. Agt.

It's The World's Best.

No one has ever made a salve, ointment or balm to compare with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the one perfect healer of cuts, corns, burns, bruises, sores, scalds, boils, ulcers, eczema, salt rheum. For sores, eyes, sores, chapped hands, or sprains, it's supreme. Infallible for piles. Only 25c at A. M. Lewis & Co.

What your tailor?

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1904



We have whatever your taste desires in clothes. The Best Quality and latest style and a greater degree of Satisfaction all around are here obtainable, because all our orders are made up by

## ED. V. PRICE & COMPANY

Chicago's Foremost Merchant Tailors.

You'll find no piles of READY-MADE CLOTHING, nor any last seasons fabrics in their immense institution. Your order is cut and fashioned in the style prevailing the day you are measured.

You get everything the very latest and best, when you let us take your measure.

Double-Breasted Overcoat No. 539

SALLING HANSON CO.

New

Fall Arrivals

Ladies' Tailored Suits

In all the latest fabrics.

Never have desirable Suits commanded the recognition that they do today, and garments that are truly artistic stand in a class by themselves.

Beautiful fabrics of rough Suitings, New Cheviots, Tweeds, Homespuns, New weave Broad Cloth and Novelty Cloth embracing every style of standard merit.

Russian-Pony Coats

Skinner's satin lined, all prices from \$12.50 to \$35.00.

A. KRAUS & SON.

LEADING DRY GOODS STORE.

Manistee & N. E. R. R.

NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN

The Circuit Court for the County of Crawford

In Chancery.

Fred Phippeny

vs. Complainant

Mattie Phippeny

Defendant.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Crawford in Chancery, at the Village of Grayling in said County, on the 31st day of September A. D. 1910.

In this cause it appearing from affidavit on file, that the defendant, Mattie Phippeny is a resident of this state but is concealed therein, so that service of process can not be made on her.

On motion of O. Palmer complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that the said defendant, Mattie Phippeny, cause her appearance to be entered herein within three months from the date of this order and in case of her appearance that she cause her answer to the complainant's bill of complaint to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on said complainant's solicitor within twenty days after the date on her of a copy of said bill and notice of this order; and that in default thereof, said bill be taken as confessed by the said resident defendant.

And it is further ordered that within twenty days the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the CRAWFORD AVANCE, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said County, and that such publication be continued for six weeks in succession, or that he cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said defendant at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for her appearance.

O. PALMER, NELSON SHARP, Solicitors for Complainant.

sept 29-10







# The Avalanche

W. PALMER, PUBLISHER.  
BRATLINO, MICHIGAN.

Get your store up yet?

As a means of crossing the Alps  
lying dead walking.

Mother Earth weighs 7,000,000,000  
000 tons. Isn't she cute?

The foot-kicker ought to open a per-  
manent office at Niagara falls.

Why not issue accident and life  
policies with the hobbie skirts?

Still, when a woman takes to av-  
ing the hobbie skirt may serve a  
purpose.

We hear of Pisa-effects in women's  
fall-hats. May we suggest Vesuvius  
crater styles next?

Mr. MacVeagh thinks of shortening  
the dollar bill. Most of us would  
rather have it stretched.

While bathtubs have gone up in  
price, bathtubs in St. Louis may be  
bent at the same old figures.

Aviators are bad risks for insurance  
companies, but they are splendid in  
sures of human progress and civiliza-  
tion.

When the speeding motorcyclist col-  
lides with the joy-riding automobile  
the innocent bystander is naught to  
laugh.

This year's custom yield at New  
York from returning tourists will break  
the record. The way to collect is to  
collect.

Some one has invented a crewless  
war vessel. Will he now invent a  
passengerless ship that will take us  
to Europe?

A Den Moines cat attacked a chan-  
tecer bat worn by a young woman.  
The cat was probably after the rat  
underneath.

Sanguine persons are offering to bet  
that Uncle Sam will have his census  
returns for 1910 all footed up before  
the year 1911.

A new style in women's wearing  
apparel is called "Early Christian."  
This is probably the nearest approach  
to orthodoxy in women's dress that  
we can hope for.

The National Council of Perils has  
decided to employ American financial  
advisers rather than those of Euro-  
pean connections. Another sign of  
progressiveness in the east.

A hot aerial enthusiast has invented  
a gas bag to insure the safety from  
accident to the aeronauts. Now it  
is in order for the aeronauts to in-  
vent a sure thing for gas-baggers.

The Kaiser might as well try to  
draw the famous Legends of the  
Rhine, Lorelei and all, as to suppress  
the traditions of the ballet. What  
would grand opera be without them?

A member of an old St. Louis fam-  
ily threatens to write a book in which  
he proposes to expose St. Louis so-  
ciety, is St. Louis society of sufficient  
importance to merit exposure?

"The Wash Girl" is the title of a  
new play that is being brought back  
to New York. If it succeeds we may ex-  
pect somebody to follow immediately  
with a play written around "The  
Scrub Lady."

That man who claims to have dis-  
covered a new element, has been  
ought to feel pretty clean when he  
finds that the head of the domestic  
science movement says the men can't  
take over all the dishwashing for the  
lady's cares.

The deaths from cholera in Russia  
this season according to official reports  
have now reached the alarming total  
of 33,812. No wonder, under the cir-  
cumstances, that western Europe feels  
concern.

On the whole, American cities have  
been growing faster than was sus-  
pected. Now for the census of farm-  
ing counties, to see how many of the  
million immigrants a year have been  
going there.

The department of agriculture does  
not think much of the back to the  
farm idea unless the city manifies  
some practical knowledge of farming;  
a point the city man with farm yearn-  
ing is apt to overlook.

"One of the most unique," Stupid  
characterization, isn't it? Yet, one  
uses it almost every day in carelessly  
written newspapers. If the reporters  
would pause to think of what unique  
means they would not employ a con-  
struction implying that any unique  
thing can be more so than another.

A Japanese paper predicts that the  
United States will have a great fu-  
ture influence in China. Uncle Sam  
has not plotted for such a position,  
but has simply treated the old em-  
pire with sincere friendly considera-  
tion.

We should be greatly relieved to  
know whether the American woman  
is or is not beautiful. Here comes a  
Russian countess who says she is not.  
And the last foreigner, who we believe  
was French, insisted that she is. Take  
your choice.

Virginia's chief executive told the  
truth when he said that a man who  
comes in from a fishing trip is not  
the same fellow when he is asked to  
give his tax list to the assessor.

Twins were born to a Russian fam-  
ily up in Manitoba the other day and  
the father was so discouraged that  
he traded one of the babies for a pig-  
skin from the authorities. Interfered,  
and made the man take the child back.  
It is not at all unlikely that the  
father was taking the child back to  
his baby.

## BIG GYPSUM PLANT BURNS TO GROUND

FIRE SWEEPS MILLS, DOCKS AND  
WAREHOUSE OF PLANT  
AT ALABASTER.

FIRE PROTECTION INADEQUATE  
TO AFFORD PROTECTION—  
LOSS OVER \$125,000.

Workmen Begin Clearing Away Debris  
for Erection of New Buildings—  
Fire Started in Store Room.

The mammoth plant, mills, dock  
and warehouses of the United States  
Gypsum Co., at Alabaster, Mich.,  
burned to the ground at a loss of  
over \$125,000.

The blaze started in the basement  
of the store room and the fire pro-  
tection afforded in the community was  
inadequate to stop the spread of the  
flames through the buildings. Five  
hundred acres of the entire acreage of the  
company was burned to the ground.

The owning company could not  
big ledge of alabaster but yet nearly  
exhausted, and while the embers of  
part of the ruins were still glowing  
that portion of the debris which had  
cooled sufficiently to be handled was  
cleared away by workmen in readi-  
ness for the rebuilding of the plant.

Mr. Robinson, manager of the  
company, says a new plant will be  
running again within six months. The  
mills have a daily capacity of over  
5,000 barrels of gypsum.

Alabaster, containing about 1,000 in-  
habitants, situated about seven miles  
from Tawas City, is practically de-  
pendent on the big mills for exist-  
ence.

There were only 10 employees in the  
building when the fire started, and all  
escaped in safety. The origin has not  
been determined.

Wife to Testify to Save Green.

Howard Green, Battle Creek law-  
yer, old man and philanthropist, will  
have to stay in jail at Los Angeles  
until he is tried in the superior court  
for the murder of Prof. Thomas D.  
Skidmore, of Rio Grande City.

Green was bound over by Police  
Judge Williams and held without bail.  
Mrs. Green was present, but no words  
were exchanged between her and her  
husband. However, Mrs. Green  
announced that she would be a  
witness in her husband's defense,  
though the man he killed had wooed  
her for 30 years, having been a school-  
line sweetheart whom marriage did  
not discourage.

Skidmore's defense was not outlined, but  
Skidmore's lawyer, addressed to  
Mrs. Green as "the light of my life  
and wife of my heart" was a piece of  
naïve evidence. It is said the defense  
will hold back its trump card, which  
will probably be a confession by Mrs.  
Green of illicit relations with Skid-  
more.

Balloon Flies Across English Channel.

Another chapter was added to the  
history of aviation when the French  
dirigible, "Bellefleur," Clement-Bayard,  
made the voyage from Compiegne to  
London in the remarkable time of six  
hours, a journey requiring seven hours  
by the fastest express-trains and  
boats. "Compiegne" is 45 miles north-  
east of Paris and about 195 miles by  
air route to London.

Admiral Reis Was Assassinated.

That Admiral Camillo Reis, the  
Portuguese revolutionary chief, was  
assassinated is now practically con-  
firmed. Admiral Reis was one of the  
leaders of the revolution, which  
ended in the proclamation of the  
Portuguese republic.

Flies 340 Miles; Wins \$35,000.

Aviator Wynnum arrived at (Tas-  
s) on Wednesday, having completed  
the trip from London to Tass, by  
airplane, in 27 hours 50 minutes.  
The distance was 340 miles. The total  
distance in 27 hours 50 minutes was  
340 miles.

The new post office was opened at  
East Lansing. It is a two-story wood  
structure 100 feet by 30 feet. Lieut.  
Holley, state military instructor, will  
occupy the second floor.

At the examination of Charles Mc-  
Connel and Mr. James Horton, of  
Cadillac, charged with the murder  
of young Frank McConnell, the Hor-  
tons waived examination and were  
bound over to the November term of  
court.

During the testimony in the divorce  
case begun by Mrs. Alice B. Lovelace,  
at Flint, aged 55, against her hus-  
band, Charles R. Lovelace, aged 70,  
a Vienna township farmer, the plaintiff  
offered the fact that her spouse had  
purchased her only one dress during  
his 25 years of wedded life and "it  
wasn't a hobbie either."

Charles Metro, charged with slaying  
Frank McConnell, who was shot to  
death while stealing a cabbage from  
Metro's patch, near Cadillac, was held  
for trial in the circuit court. Metro's  
mother-in-law and her husband were  
also bound over.

Mrs. Addie Smith, of Ludington, was  
awarded damages of \$1,000 from  
George Lett, a saloonkeeper who  
sold her husband liquor which it was  
alleged, caused him to go home and  
threaten the lives of his family. In  
defending his mother, a son, Henry,  
fired several shots at his father, some  
of which inflicted injury on the  
mother.

## DAVID B. HILL IS DEAD.

Had Seen Ill But a Few Days With a  
Bilious Attack.

David B. Hill, ex-United States sen-  
ator and former governor of New  
York, died suddenly at Wolfert's  
Roost, his country home.

About two weeks ago Mr. Hill was  
sick with a bilious attack while at  
his law office in New York, and al-  
though his condition was not con-  
sidered serious at the time his phys-  
ician advised him to remain at home  
for a few days until he recovered.

A cold developed and a few days  
later alarming reports of his condition  
were circulated. These reports, how-  
ever, were denied by friends. In fact,  
the senator appeared to be on the  
road to recovery when he suffered a  
shaking spell, which resulted in  
his death.

David Bennett Hill was one of the  
most picturesque and, for a large por-  
tion of his life, one of the most im-  
portant figures in American politics.  
Nearly all of his years were spent  
in public office, and throughout sev-  
eral administrations he occupied a  
position in the national councils of  
the Democratic party very similar to  
that held by Tom Platt in the Repub-  
lican household, except that Hill was  
less a boss than a leader and trusted  
adviser.

French Strike Is Over.

The directors of the French railroad  
companies involved in the strike  
agreed to grant a minimum wage of  
\$1 a day to the employees of all lines  
running out of Paris.

The new scale will go into effect  
January 1 and constitutes the chief  
concession demanded by the men.

Julia Ward Howe Dead.

Julia Ward Howe is dead. Bowed  
under the weight of her 51 years, the  
noted philanthropist and authoress  
succumbed to an attack of pneumonia.  
The end came peacefully in her sum-  
mer home in Middletown, R. I. Her  
three daughters were at the bedside  
when Mrs. Howe passed away, and  
her son was absent. The funeral was  
held at the Church of the Disciples  
Unitarian in Boston.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Another lot of homeseekers, num-  
bering more than 3,000, chiefly from  
the middle western states, arrived in  
south Texas.

Walter A. Dipey and Mrs. Goldie  
Smith, charged at Marshallfield, Mo.,  
with the murder of Stanley Ketchel,  
fled a motion picture theater, and  
were charged with the murder of the  
preliminary hearing.

As indicating the postoffice depart-  
ment is fast approaching the state of  
self support. Postmaster General  
Hitchcock announced that the deficit  
for the fiscal year ended June 30,  
1910, amounted to only \$2,851,482, as  
compared with \$7,779,770 for the pre-  
ceding year.

Forty million pounds of tobacco,  
brought by the Turkey Tobacco society  
as part of the dissolved 1909 pool, will  
be sold on the open market in Cin-  
cinnati. About 40,000,000 additional  
pounds probably will be sent to the  
same market.

"Tag Day" netted \$65,000 for the  
Children's Charitable association of  
Chicago. The day was the greatest  
success in the history of the organiza-  
tion, which was held in the city of  
Chicago, three years old. This is the financial  
history of "Tag Day" in Chicago.  
1908: \$20,000; 1909: \$42,000; 1910: \$65,  
000.

Readers General Mass, command-  
ing the department of the Columbia  
in his annual report to the war de-  
partment, recommends legislation for  
the elimination of inefficient officers.  
The report is the best of the kind  
ever known in the history of the de-  
partment, and is a credit to the effi-  
ciency of the army and in the  
end actually proved economical.

Population statistics issued in  
Washington, are: Portland, Me., 58,  
271; an increase of 5,426; Brockton,  
Mass., 56,878; increase 16,815; Chic-  
ago, Mass., 29,301; increase 6,221;  
Hillsdale, Mass., 47,320; increase 6,  
221; New York, N. Y., 45,403; in-  
crease 12,300; Lima, O., 20,000; in-  
crease 6,788.

Dr. Kendrick C. Babcock, president  
of the University of Arizona, has been  
appointed specialist in higher educa-  
tion at Washington. His ap-  
pointment is in line with the policy  
of the present commissioner of the  
department of having specialists to study  
the various phases of education. His  
salary is \$3,000 a year.

Over four million cords of wood  
were used in the manufacture of  
pulp for paper making in the United  
States in 1909, as shown by the an-  
nual report on the industry, issued in  
Washington by the census bureau.  
The cost of the transformation of the  
wood of the forest into paper is about  
\$1.50 per cord. This year the con-  
sumption of about 550,000 cords over  
the consumption of 1909, but of only  
about 30,000 over 1907.

Stanford L. Robinson, who, as attor-  
ney for Arthur P. Heinze, brother of  
P. Augustus Heinze, was charged in  
the United States circuit court of New  
York with resisting and opposing a  
United States marshal in attempting  
to serve a subpoenaed witness, was  
sentenced to pay a fine of \$500,  
has been ordered to be suspended  
from the practice of law for one year  
by the appellate division of the su-  
preme court.

The damage to the Carolina rice  
crop as a result of the storm tides  
last week will amount to at least 50  
percent, according to Capt. Samuel G.  
Stoner, one of the best experts on the  
rice situation, after a thorough  
investigation of conditions in the rice  
growing sections.

The report of the college entrance  
examination board, just received at  
Yale, showed that for the present year  
3,731 candidates took the examina-  
tions, an increase of nearly 300 over  
1908. The board expended \$22,221.15  
and read a total of 22,180 papers. Ex-  
aminations were held at 168 places  
covered by 45 examiners.

That free coal under the reciprocity  
plans which are now being formu-  
lated by officials of the Canadian and  
United States governments would be  
disastrous to the coal interests of  
this province, was the claim made  
by the Nova Scotia coal operators at  
a meeting with representatives of the  
provincial government.

The constitutional convention on  
judiciary, held in Tucson, Ariz., was  
closed upon a supreme court of three  
members to be chosen for terms of  
two, four, and six years at elections  
separate from the regular elections.  
The court is to hold continuous ses-  
sions.

## DEMOCRACY OPTIMISTIC.



as we have anything with which to  
pay. This is no economic doctrine, it  
is practical result. We have tried it,  
we have had the real genuine expe-  
rience, not once, but several times.  
Are we going to try it again? The  
election on November 8 will tell the  
tale. A Democratic house of repre-  
sentatives will be the first step, as it  
was in 1890. Then if we repeat the  
result of 1892 in 1912 we may look  
for worse financial and industrial  
conditions than we have ever known.

On the other hand the election of a  
Republican house of representatives  
next month means two years more at  
least of sound stable business con-  
ditions. It means confidence and will-  
ingness to invest. It means work and  
good wages for all. If it is found that  
any item or schedule of the tariff is  
operating to the injury of any indus-  
try or section then it will be changed  
by protectionists and friends of an ad-  
equate tariff instead of those who  
threaten to close every custom house  
in the land.

Democrats Without Standing.

Neither in Maine nor anywhere  
else has there been anything like a  
definite statement of what the Demo-  
cratic party stands for. No one has  
the slightest idea of what is the  
thorough Democratic attitude toward  
even the tariff question. As to the  
regulation of interstate corporations,  
the Democrats of both senate and  
house have found fault with the Re-  
publicans because they didn't go far  
enough or fast enough. Champ Clark,  
of Missouri, marked for the speaker  
house, is an old Bryanite and also  
chief political occupation is to rage  
against the money powers, and he  
fills his speeches with denunciations  
of the "special interests." But this,  
of course, may be only heat-light-  
ning. No one knows, and consequently  
no one can tell.

Getting Down to the Facts.

"Our Democratic friends are saying  
that if the Democratic party comes  
into power it will reduce the ex-  
pense of this government to \$300,000,  
000," says the president. Do they  
mean that the Democrats would abol-  
ish the pension list? Do they mean  
that they would give up the navy and  
disband the army? Do they mean  
they would abandon Porto Rico and  
the Philippines? Let us have a little  
specification. What are such state-  
ments worth unless the details of the  
expenditures that they are let into  
power and become themselves the  
national government?"

In the Same Old Plight.

"Another of these coincidences which  
so frequently bedevil Democrats is  
seen in the fact that on the same day  
Senator Owen of Oklahoma was say-  
ing that the Democratic party must  
get rid of bossism and stand for the  
people's rule, Boss Murphy and Boss  
Sullivan were threatening their clutches  
on the New York and Illinois De-  
mocracy."

It is, as former President Roose-  
velt says, a record of achievement for  
which the Republican party asks ap-  
proval this year. It is a record of  
promises fulfilled of good things  
done.

Pinning Opponents to Facts.

Mr. Taft's statesmanlike practical-  
ity has extended itself in his positive  
demand, off repeated, for a bill of  
particulars regarding the evils which  
they claimed afflicted the country  
and the remedies they proposed.

From first to last he has stuck to his text,  
which may be defined in home-  
everyday English as "Tell us what  
the matter is and what you purpose  
doing about it."—Kansas City Jour-  
nal.

Encouraging to Foreigners.

The London correspondent of the  
New York Evening Post, writing un-  
der date of September 17, says: "The  
liberal press of England is jubilant  
at the victory of the Democrats in  
Maine, and hopes that it means the  
downfall of protection in America."

The downfall of protection in  
America would be a great boon to  
British manufacturers and British  
free traders. Free access to the  
greatest of markets would be worth  
billions of dollars to European pro-  
ducers.

Remember This?

When the Democrats were last in  
power in the United States a million  
men walked the streets of our great  
cities begging for work.  
They did not say: "Here is my la-  
bor. I want to sell it at so much a  
day."  
They said: "Give me anything you  
please for my labor. My wife and  
babies are hungry."

Mr. Sherman emerges from the con-  
test absolutely free from the suspi-  
cion of any underhanded dealing.

## BALLOON TRIP FAILURE.

Walter Wellman and His Five Com-  
panions Rescued by the Trent.



Walter Wellman and his five com-  
panions were landed Wednesday af-  
ternoon in New York by the steam-  
ship Trent, which picked them up at  
sea after they had abandoned their  
dirigible balloon, America, and failed  
in the first attempt ever made to  
cross the Atlantic through the air.

A bruised right hand which Mr. Well-  
man carried in a sling was the only  
physical injury that resulted from  
their long voyage of approximately  
800 miles, and a rescue the like of  
which is unknown to all history.

None of the aeronauts expressed  
regret for the loss of the America.  
They agreed that it had served its  
purpose and taught its lesson. All  
stand ready to renew the attempt as  
soon as Mr. Wellman and his en-  
gineers find a way to conquer the  
difficulties that brought their first  
trip to its humiliating and 400 miles  
southeast of Sandy Hook.

Woman Defends Painting of Nude.

Nudity in art is not opposed by the  
Michigan Federation of "Woman's  
clubs." Holding aloft a replica of one  
of William Morris Hunt's paintings,  
Mrs. John B. Sherwood, of Chicago,  
made a strong defense, at the Battle  
Creek session, of the "nude human  
figure" in art, and the federation in-  
terrupted with great applause.

Mrs. Sherwood predicted that the  
west will soon be "America's cen-  
ter," with Chicago the pivot, and that  
the art of the future will be Ameri-  
can. "Already American landscape  
artists lead the world," she said. At-  
tending Detroit for the 1911 con-  
vention, the federation adjourned.

Ship on Rock; \$47 Aboard.

The French trans-Atlantic steamer  
Louisiane, from Havre for Havana  
and New Orleans, is ashore on Som-  
brero Reef, 50 miles east of Key  
West, Fla.

News of the Louisiane's plight and  
the rescued passengers were brought  
by the United States revenue cutter  
Forward.

The steamer struck during the hur-  
ricane of Monday. She lies only in-  
eight feet of water and it will be im-  
possible to float her until her cargo  
has been jettisoned.

Europe's Wheat Crop Second Best.

Reviewing the condition of the for-  
eign wheat crops, the United States  
department of agriculture in its  
monthly Crop Report announces the  
promise of good yields in the south-  
ern hemisphere. Although a deficiency  
of about 95,000,000 bushels is re-  
ported for Europe in comparison with  
the highest record, still the crop prom-  
ises to be the second largest the con-  
tinent has produced.

James Dunsmyth, former governor  
of British Columbia, has entered ac-  
tion for \$1,000,000 against William  
Mackenzie, president of the Canadian  
Northern railway, for an accounting  
since taking over the Dunsmyth mines  
on Vancouver Island.

THE MARKETS.

DETROIT—Cattle—Market dull and  
prices lower than last Thursday's  
opening. We quote: Best steers, 10-12  
cwt., \$12.50; medium steers, 8-10 cwt.,  
\$11.00; light steers, 6-8 cwt., \$10.00;  
cows, 10-12 cwt., \$11.00; light cows,  
8-10 cwt., \$10.00; calves, 4-6 cwt.,  
\$9.00; pigs, 100 lbs. and over, \$8.00;  
hogs, 100 lbs. and over, \$8.00; sheep,  
100 lbs. and over, \$7.00; lambs, 100  
lbs. and over, \$8.00; chickens, 100  
lbs. and over, \$1.00; turkeys, 100  
lbs. and over, \$1.00; ducks, 100 lbs.  
and over, \$1.00; geese, 100 lbs. and  
over, \$1.00; corn, 100 lbs. and over,  
\$1.00; wheat, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00;  
barley, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; oats,  
100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; rye, 100 lbs.  
and over, \$1.00; clover, 100 lbs. and  
over, \$1.00; alfalfa, 100 lbs. and over,  
\$1.00; hay, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00;  
straw, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; wood,  
100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; coal, 100 lbs.  
and over, \$1.00; oil, 100 lbs. and over,  
\$1.00; sugar, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00;  
molasses, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; flour,  
100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; rice, 100 lbs.  
and over, \$1.00; beans, 100 lbs. and  
over, \$1.00; lentils, 100 lbs. and over,  
\$1.00; peas, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00;  
milk, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; butter,  
100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; eggs, 100  
lbs. and over, \$1.00; honey, 100 lbs.  
and over, \$1.00; maple syrup, 100 lbs.  
and over, \$1.00; molasses, 100 lbs. and  
over, \$1.00; corn, 100 lbs. and over,  
\$1.00; wheat, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00;  
barley, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; oats,  
100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; rye, 100 lbs.  
and over, \$1.00; clover, 100 lbs. and  
over, \$1.00; alfalfa, 100 lbs. and over,  
\$1.00; hay, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00;  
straw, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; wood,  
100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; coal, 100 lbs.  
and over, \$1.00; oil, 100 lbs. and over,  
\$1.00; sugar, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00;  
molasses, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; flour,  
100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; rice, 100 lbs.  
and over, \$1.00; beans, 100 lbs. and  
over, \$1.00; lentils, 100 lbs. and over,  
\$1.00; peas, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00;  
milk, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; butter,  
100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; eggs, 100  
lbs. and over, \$1.00; honey, 100 lbs.  
and over, \$1.00; maple syrup, 100 lbs.  
and over, \$1.00; molasses, 100 lbs. and  
over, \$1.00; corn, 100 lbs. and over,  
\$1.00; wheat, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00;  
barley, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; oats,  
100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; rye, 100 lbs.  
and over, \$1.00; clover, 100 lbs. and  
over, \$1.00; alfalfa, 100 lbs. and over,  
\$1.00; hay, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00;  
straw, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; wood,  
100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; coal, 100 lbs.  
and over, \$1.00; oil, 100 lbs. and over,  
\$1.00; sugar, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00;  
molasses, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; flour,  
100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; rice, 100 lbs.  
and over, \$1.00; beans, 100 lbs. and  
over, \$1.00; lentils, 100 lbs. and over,  
\$1.00; peas, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00;  
milk, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; butter,  
100 lbs. and over, \$1.00; eggs, 100  
lbs. and over, \$1.00; honey, 100 lbs.  
and over, \$1.00; maple syrup, 100 lbs.  
and over, \$1.00; molasses, 100 lbs. and  
over, \$1.00; corn, 100 lbs. and over,  
\$1.00; wheat, 100 lbs. and over, \$1.00;  
barley, 100



# The COAST of CHANCE

by ESTHER  
& LUCIA  
CHAMBERLAIN  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
DORIS MARILL CO.

## SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatworth personal estate to be sold at auction, the Chatworth ring, known as the Crow Idol, mysteriously disappears. Harry Cross, who was present, describes the ring to his fiancée, Flora Glyce, and her fiancée, Mrs. Clara Britton, who is a health god, with a beautiful sapphire set in the head. Flora meets Mr. Kerr, an Englishman, at the club, in discussing the disappearance of the ring, the exploits of an English thief, Burrill Wand, are revealed. Flora has a faint that Harry and Kerr know something about the mystery. Kerr tells Flora that he has met Harry somewhere, but cannot place him. \$2000 reward is offered for the return of the ring. Harry admits to Flora that he dislikes Kerr. Harry takes Flora to a Chinese goldsmith's to buy an engagement ring. An exquisite sapphire set in a hoop of brass is selected. Harry urges her not to wear it until it is reset. The possession of the ring becomes a spell over Flora. She becomes uneasy about the mystery. Flora meets Kerr at a box party. She is startled by the effect on him when he gets a glimpse of the sapphire. The possibility that the stone is part of the Crow Idol causes Flora much anxiety. Unseen, Flora discovers Clara's sapphire, but she does not touch it. Flora refuses to give or sell the stone to Kerr, and suspects him of being the thief. Flora's interest in the ring increases. She decides to return the ring to Harry, but Ella Buller tells her that Clara is setting her cap for her father, Judge Buller.

## CHAPTER XIV—(Continued.)

"Well, I'll let you know if it makes any difference," said Ella hopefully. Flora knew that nothing either of them could say would make any difference to Clara, or turn her from the thing she was pursuing, but by speaking she might at least find out if Judge Buller himself were really her object.

The bells and whistles of one o'clock were making clangor as she ran up the steps of her house again.



She Tore It Open Happily.

In the hall Shima presented her with a card. She looked at it with a quickening pulse. "Is he waiting?" "No, madam. Mr. Kerr has gone. He waited half an hour."

Down went her spirits again. Yet surely after their last interview she ought not to be eager to meet him again. "In the morning," she thought, "and waited half an hour. How he must have wanted to see me! She didn't know whether she liked that or not. "When did he come?"

"At 11 o'clock."

At this she was frightened. He had missed Harry by less than half an hour.

"He waited all that time alone?"

"No, Mr. Cressy came."

"Flora felt a cold thrill in her nerves. Then Harry had come back! What had he come for?"

"He also would wait," the Japanese explained.

Flora gasped. "They waited together!"

The Japanese shook his head. "They went away together."

"The Japanese bellers her ears. "Mr. Kerr went away with Mr. Cressy?"

The Japanese seemed to realize the problem of mystery. "No, Mr. Cressy accompanied Mr. Kerr. He had made a delicate oriental distinction. It put the whole thing before her in a moment. Harry had been the resistant, and the other with his brilliant initiative attacking, always attacking when he should have been hiding, had carried him off. What had he done, and how had he managed, when Harry must have had such pressing reasons for wanting to stay? Ah, she knew only too well Kerr's exquisite knowledge of manning; but why must he make such a reckless exposure of himself? Did he suppose Harry was to be managed? Had he no idea where Harry stood in this affair? In pity, name, didn't he know that Harry had seen him before—had seen him under circumstances of which Harry wouldn't talk?"

## CHAPTER XV.

A Lady in Distress.

She had returned, ready for pitched battle with Clara, and on the threshold there had met her the very turn in the affair that she had dreaded all along—the setting of Kerr and Harry upon each other.

These were two women who she had kept apart even in her mind, the man to whom she was pledged with whom she had supposed herself in love, and the man for whom she was flying in the face of all her traditions. She had not surmised the reason of her extraordinary behavior; not since that dreadful day when the vanishing mystery had taken positive form in him had she dared to think how she felt about Kerr. She had only acted, acted; only asked herself what to do next, and never why; only taken his cause upon herself and made it her own, as if that was her natural right. She could hardly believe that it was she who had herself got to this extent. All for life she had been de-

cile to public opinion, bowing to conventions, respectful of those legal and moral rules laid down by some rigid material spirit during in mankind. But now when she was about to be married, when the responsibility had descended upon her, she found that these things had in no way persuaded her.

Then this was herself, a creature too much concerned with the primal harmonies of life to be impressed by the modulations her decade set upon them. This was that self which she had obscurely cherished as no more real than a fairy; but at Kerr's acclaim it had proclaimed itself more real than flesh and blood, and Kerr himself the most real thing in all her life.

Then what was Harry? The bland implacable pronouncement of Shima had summoned him up to stand beside Kerr more clearly than her own eyes when she saw him. Harry's brilliant initiative, might carry him off, but Kerr was still the mystery. For had not Harry, from the very beginning, known something about him? Hadn't he at first denied having seen him before, and then admitted it? Hadn't he dropped hints and innuendoes without ever an explanation? She remembered the singular fact of the embassy hall, twice mentioned, each time with that singular name of Farrell Wand. And to know—that was what Harry knew—that a man of such fame was in a community where a ring of such fame had disappeared—what further proof was wanted?

Then why didn't Harry speak? And what was going on in his mind of the affair? Harry's side would have been a fair one. It was not. Nor was Kerr's side, hers either. She was standing between the two—standing hesitating between her love of one and her loyalty to the other and what he represented. The power might be hers to tip the scales. Harry held, either to Kerr's undoing, or to his protection. At least she thought she might protect him. He could discover Harry's secret. Her special, authorized relation to him—her right to see him often, question him freely—even evade—should make that easy. But she shrank from what seemed like betrayal, even though she did not betray him to Kerr by name.

Then, on the other hand, she doubted how much she could do with Harry. She wasn't sure how far she was prepared to try him after that scene of theirs. She had no desire to plume him further by seeing too much of Kerr. On her own account she wanted for the present to avoid Kerr. He roused a feeling in her that she feared—a feeling intoxicating to the senses, dazzling to the mind, unknitting to the will. How could she tell if they were left alone, that she might not take the jewel from her neck, at his request, and hand it to him—and damn them both? If only she could escape seeing him altogether until she could find out what Harry was doing and what she must do!

Meanwhile, there was her promise to Ella. She recalled it with difficulty. It meant a vague thing in the light of her latest discovery, though she could never meet Clara in disagreement without a quarrel. But she made the plunge, that evening, before Clara left for the Bullers', while she was at her dressing-table in the half-disarray which brings out all the softness and the disarming physical charm of women. From her low chair Flora spoke lightly of Ella's perturbation. "Clara paused, with the powder puff in her hand, while she listened to Flora's explanation of how Ella feared that some one might, after all these years, be going to marry Judge Buller. Who this might be she did not even hint at. She left it ever so sketchy. But the little stare with which Clara met it, the amusement, the surprise, and the shortest possible little laugh, were guarantees that Clara had seen it all. She had filled out Flora's sketch to the full outline, and pronounced it, as Flora had, an absurdity. But though Clara had laughed, she had gone away with her delicate brows a little drawn together, as if she really found more than a laugh, something worth considering, in Ella's state of mind.

She heard the wheels of Clara's departing conveyance. Now was her chance for an interview with Harry. She spent 20 minutes putting together three sentences that would not arouse his suspicions. She made two copies, and sent them by separate messengers, one to his room, one to the club, with orders that they be brought back, and that he was to receive them. When the business of waiting in the large house full of echoes and the round ghostly globes of electric lights, with that thing around her neck for which—did they but know of it—half the town would break in her windows and doors.

The wind traveled the streets without, and shook the window-casings. She covered over the library fire, listening. The leaping flames set her shadow dancing like a goblin. A bell rang, and the shadow and the flame gave a higher leap as if in welcome of what had arrived. She went to the library door. In the glooms and lights outside Shima was standing, and two messengers. It was odd that both should arrive at once. She stepped back and stood waiting with a quicker pulse. Shima entered with two letters upon his tray. She had a moment's anxiety lest both her notes had been brought back to her, but no—the envelope, which lay on top showed Harry's writing. She tore it open hastily. Harry wrote that he would be delighted, and might he bring a friend with him; a bully fellow whom he wanted her to meet? He asked she might send over for some girl and they could have a jolly little party.

Flora looked at this communication blankly. Was Harry—who had always jumped at the chance of a tête-à-tête, dodging her? In her astonishment she let the other envelope fall. She stooped, and then for a moment remained, thus, bent above the note. The superscription was not hers. The note

was not addressed to Harry, but to her, and in a handwriting she had never seen before. She tore it open. Shima appeared with a third envelope. This time it was her own note returned to her. With the feeling she was bewitched she took up the mysterious letter from the floor and opened it. She read the strange handwriting:

May I see you, anywhere, at any time, to-night?

ROBERT KERR.

It was as if Kerr himself had entered the room, masked and muffled beyond recognition, and then, face to face with her, let fall his disguise. She gazed at the words; at the signature, thrilled and frightened. She looked at Harry's note, hesitated, caught a glimpse of the two messengers waiting stolidly in the hall. Waiting for answers! Answers to such communications! She made a dash for the table where were pens and ink and on one sheet scrawled:

"Certainly. Bring him," appending her initials; on the other—the word "Impossible," and her full name. Then she hurried the letters into Shima's hands, lest her courage should fail her—lest she should regret her choice.

"Anywhere, at any time, to-night," she repeated softly. Why, the man must be mad! Yet she permitted herself a moment of imagining what might have been if her answers had been reversed.

But no, she dared not meet Kerr's impetuous attacks yet. First she must get at Harry. And how was that to be managed if he insisted on surrounding himself with a jolly little party?

She found a moment that evening in which to ask him to wait out to the Presbytery with her the next morning. But he was going to Burlington on the early train. He was woefully sorry. It was ages since he had had a moment with her alone, but at least he would see her that evening. She had not forgotten? They were going to that dinner—and then the reception afterward? Her suspicion that he was deliberately dodging, wavered before his boyish, cheerful, unconscious face. And yet, following on the heels of his tendency to question and coerce her, this reticence was, amazing. The next day would be lost with Harry beyond reach—13 hours while Kerr was at the mercy of chance, and she was at the mercy of Kerr.

Yet when his card was brought up to her the next morning she looked at the printed name as wistfully as if it had been his face. It cost an effort to send down the cold fiction that she was not at home, and she could not deny herself the consolation of learning, on the baluster of the second landing, and listening for his step in the hall below. But there was no movement. Could it be possible he was waiting for her to come in? Hush! that was the drawing-room door. But instead of Kerr, Shima emerged. He was heading for the staff with his little silver tray and upon it—a note. "Oh, impudence!" How dared he give her the card at the hand of her own butler! She stood her ground, and Shima delivered the message as if it were most usual to find one's mistress behooved in peltor and pertinents, banging breathless over the baluster.

"Take that back," she said coldly, and tell him that I am out, and Shima, who addressed the man's intelligence, "make him understand it." She watched the note departing. How she longed to call Shima back and open it. There was a pause, then Kerr emerged from the drawing-room. As he crossed the hall he glanced up at the state, and as much as was visible of the landing. He had not taken Shima's word for it, after all!

The vestibule door closed noiselessly after him, the outer door shut with a heavy sound. Yet before that sound had ceased to vibrate, she heard it shut again. Was he coming back? There was a presence in the vestibule

very vaguely seen through the glass and lace of the inner door. Her heart beat with apprehension. The door opened upon Clara.

Flora precipitately retreated. She was more disturbed than relieved by the unexpected appearance. For Clara must have seen Kerr leave the house. Three times now within three days he had been found with her or waiting for her. She wondered if Clara would ask her awkward questions. But Clara, when she entered Flora's dressing-room a few moments later with the shopping-list, instead of a question, offered a statement.

"I don't like that man," she announced.

"What?"

"That Kerr. I met him just now on the steps. Don't you feel there is something wrong about him?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Flora vaguely.

Clara gave her a bright glance. "But you weren't at home to him." "I'm not at home to any one this morning," Flora answered evasively.

"Feeling the probe of Clara's eyes, 'I'm feeling ill. I'm not going out this evening, either. I think I'll ring up Burlington and tell Harry.' It was in her mind that she might manage to make him stay with her while Clara went out to the reception.

"Burlington?" Harry? "Clara echoed in surprise. "Why, he's in town. I saw him just now as I was coming up."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. He was walking up Clay from Kearney—I was in the car."

"Why that—that is—Flora stammered in her surprise. "Then something must have kept him," she altered, her sentence quickly.

But though this seemed the probable explanation she did not believe it. Harry walking toward Chinatown, when he had told her distinctly he would be in Burlington! She thought of the goldsmith's shop, and then returned to the memory of how Harry and the blue-eyed Chinaman had looked when she had turned from the window, and seen them standing together in the back of the shop.

"You do look ill," Clara remarked. "Why don't you stay in bed and not try to see any one?"

Flora murmured that that was her intention, but she was far from speaking the truth. She only wanted to make sure of Clara's being in her own rooms to get out of the house and telephone to Harry.

It was not far to the nearest booth, a block or two down the cross street. She rang, the office. The word came back promptly in his partner's voice. He had gone to Burlington by the early train. It was the same at the club. He must be in town, then, on secret business.

She walked rapidly, in her excitement, turning the troubling question over in her mind. She did not realize how far she had gone until some girl she knew, passing and nodding to her, called her out of her reverie. She was almost in front of the University club. A few blocks more, and she would be in the shopping-district. She hesitated, then decided that it would be better to walk a little further and take a cross-town car.

A group of men was leaving the club. Two lingered on the steps, the other coming quickly out. At sight of him, she averted her face, and hurriedly turned the corner, and walking down a block. Her heart was beating rapidly. What if he had seen her? She looked about—there was no cab in sight—the best thing to do was to slip into one of the crowded alleys full of women, and wait until the danger had passed. Once inside the door of the nearest she felt herself, with relief, only one of a horde of peepers, lookers-and-buyers. She felt as if she had lost her identity. She went to the nearest counter and asked for yells. Partly concealed behind the bulk of the woman next her, she kept her eye on the door. She saw Kerr come in. How absurd to think that she could escape him! She turned

her back and waited a moment or two, still hoping he might pass her by. Then she heard his voice behind her:

"Well, this is luck!"

She was conscious of giving him a limp hand. He sat down on the vacant stool next her, laughing.

"You are a most remarkably fast walker," he observed.

"I had to buy a veil," Flora murmured.

"Has it taken you all the morning?"

"She could see she had not fooled him."

"I had a great many other things to do," she was resolved not to admit anything.

"No doubt, but I wanted to see you very much last night, and again this morning. I may see you this evening, perhaps?" He was grave now. She saw that he awaited her answer in anxiety.

"But," she hesitated just a moment too long before she added, "I'm going out this evening."

She started nervously to rise.

"Wait," he said in a voice that was audible to the shop-girl, "your package has not come."

She looked at him helplessly, so attractive and so inimical to her. He swung around, back to the counter, and lowered his voice. "Did you know I called upon you yesterday morning, also?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Mr. Cressy and I waited for you together. Did he mention it to you?"

"No," her lips let the word out slowly.

"That's a reluctant friend of yours!" the exclamation, and the truth of it, put her on her guard.

"I can't discuss him with you," she said coldly.

"Yet no doubt you have discussed me with him?"

"Never!"

"You haven't told him anything?"

The incredulity, the amazement of his face put before her, for the first time, how extraordinary her conduct must seem. What could he think of her? What construction would he put upon it? She blushed, neck to forehead, and her voice was scarcely audible as she answered: "No."

But at that small word his whole mood warmed to her. "Why, then," he began eagerly, "if Cressy doesn't know—"

"Oh, but he—Flora stopped in terror of herself. "I can't talk of him. I must not. Don't ask me," she implored, "and please, please don't come to my house again!"

He gave his head a puzzled, impatient shake. "Then where am I to see you?"

"In a few days—perhaps to-morrow—I will let you know," she rose. She had her package now. "She was getting back her courage. There was no further way of keeping her."

But he followed her closely through the crowd to the door. "Wait," he said quickly under his breath. "In a few days, perhaps to-morrow, as soon as you get rid of it, you won't mind meeting me! What are you afraid of?"

She was, but hardly denied it. "I am not afraid of you. I am afraid of them!"

"Of them?" He peered at her. "What are you talking about now?"

"Ah, she had said too much! She bit her lip. They had reached the corner, and the sliding glass car was approaching. She turned to him with a last appeal.

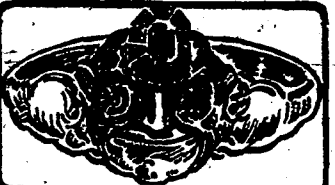
"Don't ask me anything! Don't come with me. Don't follow me!"

Not until she was safely inside the car did she dare look back at him. He stood still on the corner, and he raised his hat and smiled so reassuringly that she was half-way home before she realized that, in spite of all she had urged upon him, he had not committed himself to any promise.

And yet, she thought in dismay, he had almost made her give away Harry's confidence. She was seeing more and more clearly that this was the danger of meeting him. He always got something out of her and never, by chance, gave her anything in return. If he should seek her to-night she dared not be at home. Any place would be safer than her own house.

It would be better to fulfill her engagement and go to the reception with Clara and Harry. That was a house Kerr did not know.

It was awkward to have to announce this sudden change of plan after her pretenses of the morning, but of late she had lived too constantly with danger for Clara's uplifted eyebrows to daunt her. The mere trivial act of being dressed each day was fraught with danger. To get the sapphire off her person before Marika should appear, to put it back somehow after Marika had done so, to shift it from one place to another as she wore—gowns cut high or low—and



every moment in fear lest she be discovered in the act! This was her daily maneuver. To-night she clasped the chain around her waist beneath her petticoats.

She was ready early, in the hope that Harry might come, as he had been wont to do, a little before the appointed hour. But he turned up without a moment to spare. Clara was downstairs in her cloak when he appeared. There was no chance for a word at dinner. But if she could not manage it later in the wider field of the reception, why, then she deserved to fall in everything.

But she found, upon their arrival, that even this was going to be hard to bring about. For she was immediately pounced upon—first, by Ella Buller.

"Why, Flora," at the top of her voice, "where have you been all these days?" Then in a hot whisper: "Did you speak to her? It hasn't done one bit of good."

"I think you are mistaken," Flora murmured. "But be careful, and let me know." She had only time for that broken sentence before she was surrounded, and other voices took up the chorus.

"She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

She realized with some alarm that though she had forgotten her public, it had kept its eye on her. She answered, laughing, that she was keeping her eyes on her."

## THE RIVAL CAPTAINS.



Chimmie-Gwan, you're no ball player. You couldn't catch a foul if it was moultin'!

Patsy-Gloutin, you couldn't catch a fly if it was stuck on sticky Sy-pa-per till it was dead as merlasses!

## REST AND PEACE

Fall Upon Distracted Households When Cuticura Enters.

Sleep for skin tortured babies and rest for tired, fretted mothers is found in a hot bath with Cuticura Soap and a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment. This treatment, in the majority of cases, affords immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning, scaly, and crusty humors, eczema, rashes, inflammations, irritations, and chafings, of infancy and childhood, permits rest and sleep to both parent and child, and points to a speedy cure, when other remedies fail. Worn-out and worried parents will find this pure, sweet and economical treatment realizes their highest expectations, and may be applied to the youngest infants as well as children of all ages. The Cuticura Remedies are sold by druggists everywhere. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass., for their free 32-page Cuticura Book on the care and treatment of skin and scalp of infants, children and adults.

## Her Tribute.

Randall—How did you like the military parade, Ida?

Miss Rogers—Glorious! I never saw enough men in all my life before.—Harper's Bazar.

## "SPOHN'S."

This is the name of the greatest of all remedies for Distemper, Pink Eye, Heaves, and the like among all species of horses. Sold by Druggists, Harness Makers, or send to the manufacturers, \$5 and \$10 a bottle. Agents wanted. Send for free book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

## Queen's Night.

"Does Bliggins ever bluff when he plays cards, Ida?"

"Never until he gets home and explains where he has been."

## Pettit's Eye Salve Restores.

No matter how badly the eyes may be diseased or injured, All druggists or Howland Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Easy for Her.

An extremely corpulent old lady was entertaining her grandchild at luncheon yesterday. Her four-year-old nephew, the little girl for dropping some food on the tablecloth.

"You don't see grandma dropping anything on the table," she said.

"Of course not," replied the child; "God gave you something in front to stop it."

## She Probably Could.

Senator La Follette, apropos of certain scandals, said at a dinner in Madison: "These things recall the legislators who remarked to his wife, with a look of disgust: 'One of those land-lobbyists approached me today with another interesting proposition.'"

"The witty young and pretty woman, an, clapped her hands. 'Oh, good!' she cried. 'Then I can have that table stole after all



# Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.

For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

## THEY'RE SO YOUNG

"Jack, what in the world have you on your mind?" asked that young man's mother. "You've been following me around all this morning just as you used to do in times of trouble when you were a youngster." Mrs. Emmons smiled lovingly at her tall son.

"I'm not in any trouble now, mother. I'm in great luck. You see, mother, Dolly Greene and I have—well, we've fixed it up."

"You and Dorothy Greene have fixed it up?" gasped Mrs. Emmons. "I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes, you do, mother dear. I want you to tell father. He ought to be glad I'm so lucky, but you know you never can tell just how father's going to take things."

"But, Jack, you surely don't mean that you are engaged to that little Dorothy Greene? She's a very sweet girl, but—"

"Of course I'm engaged to her. Isn't it great? It happened only last night and I've told you the very first one."

"But, Jack, you're only 22, and Dorothy is a mere baby. Why, it's absurd!"

"Now, mother, Jack spoke with indulgent patience. I know it's a great surprise to you, but you mustn't say it's absurd, for it isn't. Dolly is 19, or she will be next month. Say, mother, what can I give her for a birthday present? Of course, I intend to get the ring at once. Do you think she'd like a necklace for her birthday? A turquoise necklace would just match her eyes."

"You'll have to let me think, Jack. I'm rather dazed by your news. You know, dear, I am afraid you are very young to become engaged. It's a most serious matter."

"I know it is, and I'm awfully in earnest. Why, I'd like to marry Dorothy tomorrow if she would marry me, but, of course, she wants to get a lot of things. Girls always do, I suppose."

"Marry tomorrow. Why, Jack, Dorothy isn't ready to marry."

"It doesn't take very long to get wedding clothes made."

"I'm not talking about clothes. I mean that Dorothy isn't ready to assume the duties of married life. For one thing, I don't suppose she knows anything about cooking."

"There's where you're wrong. She makes the best Welsh rarebit I ever tasted."

Mrs. Emmons smiled somewhat sadly.

"And fudge, too. Her fudge never melts or gets sugary."

"What are her other culinary accomplishments?"

"Well, she makes egg-nogs for her father when he isn't well and she can toast marshmallows to the queen's taste."

"So you think she's a wonderfully practical girl?"

"I should say so," answered Jack, oblivious of the sarcasm in his mother's words. "She's as practical as can be. When she undertakes to do anything she does it thoroughly. You ought to see her send a ball over the net. She isn't any doll-baby on the tennis court. She's a player and she plays to win. She sends the ball where she wants it to go."

"Has she the same accuracy with a needle?"

"I've never happened to see her sew, but she's a wonder at crocheting. She started a silk necktie for me. Say, mother, will you tell father to day? And I'll go over and tell some of the boys. It's a toss-up with me whether to have Bill Thorpe or Ted Harris for my best man. Dolly thinks Bill's better looking than Ted, but Ted I have always been—"

"Why, mother dear, you aren't crying, are you?"

"It's very sudden, Jack. I—I'll feel better when I've talked it over with your father."

"The worst of it is, they're so dreadfully young," said Mrs. Emmons an hour later after a talk with her husband.

"Well, my dear," he replied, "they haven't any of the best of you and me in that respect. We were rather infantile ourselves when we set up house-keeping. Let's see, you were 17, weren't you?"

"Yes, just 17, and I hardly knew a rolling pin from a potato masher. But don't you dare tell Jack."

"That Dreadful Humanity."

She was in peacock blue foulard that would have been more comfortable if her vanity had allowed her breathing room, and her white lace veil, a generation too young for her, stuck to her face like flypaper.

"The man with her also seemed to feel the effect of luxury, for he wiped his perspiring face and nodded sympathetic endorsement of her wall."

"I can stand dry heat as well as the next one, but the humidity in the air weakens one so I can hardly keep from drooping."

May be it was the humidity, but, may be again, it was the peacock blue foulard.—Washington Star.

## Her Successful Failure

After Fanstock arrived, Jessamine more than ever regretted her pursuit to "do things."

Fanstock was the sort who was always doing something. When he was not riding horseback or swimming he was perspiring on the tennis courts or tramping after a golf ball or engineering a baseball game. Between times he went canoeing and played bridge.

Jessamine shuddered at a canoe as at a dynamite bomb; loathed a horse, couldn't beat a six-year-old at tennis, and considered golf an idiotic pursuit. Moreover, she became panic-stricken in "water over her head and bridge" got on her nerves. In spite of all this she was really an interesting young woman, and people usually liked her.

What was more to the point, she liked Fanstock from the moment she first saw him. Therefore it was irritating to see him beam upon the other girls who excelled in the various sports he affected. Soon Jessamine became merely one victimized longing to be a "shark" at something, and thus gain his approval. She could paddle around in shallow water, so swimming seemed the most sensible thing to attack.

She took her resolve suddenly: one day when everybody was down on the pier in swimming attire, Fanstock had paused besides her.

"Do you dive?" he inquired casually.

"Now if he had inquired of Jessamine if she was in the habit of entering the cages of tigers and eating her lunch, there it would have seemed just as sensible to her. To plunge deliberately headfirst into the unseen terrors beneath the lake's surface, where she was morally certain that she would sink to the bottom and strangle to death, had never appeared to her as an alluring diversion. Yet, as in a flash she recalled how Fanstock had cheered Helen the day before when she dived from the high post at the end of the pier."

"Oh, yes," Jessamine said to her horror, "I've heard herself saying, 'I never heard of diving.'"

Fanstock looked surprised. "I never had noticed you diving, so I didn't know."

"Haven't," Jessamine hastened to say, "haven't dived much lately. I don't seem to care about it any more."

"Nonsense," Fanstock said. "It's great exercise. You should keep it up. Come out to the end of the pier and go in with me."

"It was 12 feet deep at the end of the pier. Jessamine in a cold agony trotted along beside him, conscious that the other girls were watching her enviously. It was a great thing to have Fanstock notice one. Now that she had his attention should she win nothing but his contempt and disgust for her lack of nerve?"

In that instant Jessamine resolved to risk it. Other girls dived and still lived, so there was a fighting chance for her.

Come along, Fanstock shouted as he took a run and flying leap. Jessamine watched him come up a few yards out and swim back with powerful strokes while she stood shuddering on the pier.

"Aren't you coming on?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said.

She shut her eyes, threw out her hands and felt herself shooting into space. She struck the water like an arrow, and then the bottom of the world fell out and she fell after it. She went like a shot to the bottom and stopped there. She had sat on the lake's cozy bottom for years when something grabbed her shoulder, elevated her to the surface and yanked her up to the pier. There she came aware of Fanstock, who surveyed her with a look of annoyance.

"Don't you do that again!" he commanded. "You may be able to turn that trick of holding your breath and swimming up to the surface when you choose, but you don't do it when I'm around! You've got to dive shallowly—it isn't so hard on my nerves!"

Jessamine sat in a little shivering heap and regarded him with what looked like the calm unconcern of a Chinese laundress. In reality she was paralyzed with fright and astonishment at being still alive. Suddenly it dawned on her that Fanstock thought she had acted that way because she was exceptionally bold and skillful. How did one dive shallowly? She thought it over slowly.

"Turn your hands up the minute you hit the water!" Fanstock ordered.

"Jessamine burst into tears. 'I'm not going to hit the water any more!'" she quavered. "I—I hate it! I'm scared half to death! I never dived before in my life, and I just did it because I was afraid you'd laugh at me if I didn't!"

"Great guns!" Fanstock gasped as the truth dawned on him.

Even in a bedraggled bathing suit and weeping heartily, Jessamine was very attractive. It's easy to feel sympathetic and protective when a girl is both appealing and pretty.

"See here," said Fanstock, when he got his breath. "You and I'll get up early mornings and I'll give you lessons in diving—how'd that bet? I'd like to ever so much!"

As Jessamine glanced up at him through her tears she suddenly looked rosy. She heard a sigh of relief.

"That would be splendid!" she said.

## AVOIDS TRUTH AND FAIRNESS

Democratic Candidate For Governor Plays the Demagogue.

### THE FACTS IN THE CASE

Many Corporations in His Home County Pay Taxes on Less Than 20 Per Cent of Their Actual Value, Yet He Demands Raising Over Upper Peninsula Mine Taxation Question.

Is Mr. Lawton T. Hemans, the Democratic candidate for governor, interested to the slightest extent in the question as to whether or not the corporations of Michigan shall pay their share of taxes, or is he playing the part of a political demagogue?

Thus far in his discussion of the subject Mr. Hemans has referred only to the upper peninsula property. He evidently has in mind that these properties represent a very limited territory and a comparatively small number of people and that an attack in that direction will yield very largely to his political candidacy through prejudice and the sectional division he hopes to create.

But as a matter of truth and fairness, is Mr. Hemans at all interested in the question of equal taxation in Michigan? Is he even interested in the matter of having all the corporations of Michigan pay their fair share of taxation? Let us see, as to that.

In Ingham county, where Mr. Hemans lives and which he has represented in the state legislature, there are 26 corporations. The aggregate amount of the real and personal property of these corporations subject to assessment, as represented to the secretary of state in sworn statements, amounts to \$7,918,482.

Yet these Ingham county corporations are paying taxes on a valuation of only \$1,235,575, less than 20 per cent of their actual value, as shown by the sworn statements filed with the state by the corporations themselves.

When Mr. Hemans says that the mining companies of the upper peninsula are not assessed to exceed 20 per cent of their actual value, he should also include the further statement that the corporations of Ingham county are assessed at less than 20 per cent of their actual value and on less than 17 per cent of their value based on the amount of capital stock subscribed.

It is known to be true, however, that Mr. Hemans's comparisons are not based on the value of mining properties as shown by sworn statements, but largely on the market value of their stock. If he will apply this same market value test to the corporations of Ingham county he will find that the percentage of assessed valuation to market value will not exceed 10 per cent.

The market value of the Reo Motor Car company, for instance, is over \$8,000,000. Recently it was announced through the newspapers that negotiations were under way for the purchase of the Reo company by the General Motors company and that the price asked was \$7,000,000. This company is on the assessment rolls of Ingham county for only \$321,800. Based on its market value it should be on the assessment rolls for \$5,000,000.

When Mr. Hemans is discussing the question of dividends paid by the mining properties he should also mention the fact that the Reo Motor Car company has returned in dividends since its organization, less than ten years, \$10 for every dollar of the original investment.

While these facts must be known to Mr. Hemans, unless he has given his attention to the subject of taxation for political purposes only, he has made no reference to it as a citizen, and not the slightest effort to bring about any of the conditions of fairness or equality in the sharing of tax burdens to which he is giving so much of his talk as a political speaker.

The purpose here is not to single out the corporations of one county or of a single section for discussion and criticism as Mr. Hemans has thought best to do, but to make it very plain to the people of Michigan that the Democratic candidate for governor is either not possessed of the information which enables him to fairly and honestly present this question or he purposely avoids fairness and truth in order to assist his personal and party purposes.

One declaration made to the assembled representatives of the Republican party at Detroit that was generously applauded not only because its expression was in harmony with all the actions and movements of the state convention but because it briefly yet fully expressed the position earnestly endorsed and everywhere proclaimed by the Republican candidate for governor, Chase S. Osborn, was this: "We stand for efficiency in public office and pledge our nominee to an administration in which every public dollar shall pay as much as a private dollar whether in services or supplies. We likewise stand pledged to a businesslike administration, with the fewest possible employees and the lowest limit of expense consistent with good service and satisfactory results."

### WAS ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND

"There's Lots of Horses, But There Is Only One Judge Kinne," Says Judge.

During the second Cleveland campaign, Col. John P. Irish, the golden-tongued orator, and Judge Kinne of Waterloo, Ia., the man with lungs of brass, were stumping Iowa in behalf of the Democratic candidate.

"They were driving in a buggy on the road to Sidney, a young city in the southwestern part of the state when they came to a fork of the road where there was no sign board. Which turn to take was a question, as they had barely time to make the town anyway."

"There's a farmhouse over there a bit. You sit still and I'll go over and ask questions," said Irish, and climb up he started for the desired information. He got it and on his return saw the horse, evidently frightened at something, tearing down the road at runaway speed. Instead of trying to stop the horse, Judge Kinne dropped the reins, climbed over the seat and dropped off the back of the buggy into the road.

When Irish caught up to him, the judge was busily dusting himself off after his roll in the roadway, not in the least disgraced by his acrobatic stunt.

"You're on the right fork of the road, all right, judge, but why didn't you hang on to the horse?" asked Irish, laughing heartily.

"Why didn't I hang on to him?" rumbled Kinne in his deep sub-bellary voice. "I'll tell you why I didn't, my Christian friend. There's lots of horses in this world, but there is but one Judge Kinne."

### THOSE WHO SCOLD 'CENTRAL'

No Greater Boor Than Man Who Is Always Raising Row With Telephone Girl.

There surely exists no greater boor than the man who is always raising a row with the telephone girl, writes Tip in the New York Press. All over, everywhere, in Europe and this country, come reports of nervous breakdowns of "hello girls." Lots of men and whole squads of women seem to think these girls are trained talking devils with a special spite reserved for the "phoners" alone. It is silly, not to say foolish, to scold the operator for something she cannot help. No matter how well trained the nerves are, it is impossible for the strongest nerves to be quarreled and yelled at month in and month out without some nervous string being worn or broken.

There are probably more low-browed, low-down scolders, drivers and browbeaters of women in this country than were ever seen here before. There is one blessed thing "Tip" must say of Texas. If any dog tries to browbeat or run over a woman down there, the first man that hears him is liable to "entertain" him by punching him under the chin, or, if he is pushing his teeth down his throat with the end of a six-shooter gun.

No Blasted Stuff Wanted

There was a small crowd at the soda counter when the tall man rushed in and pushed an empty bottle over the drug clerk.

"Acid," he whispered excitedly. "Ten cents' worth of acid and quick!"

The soda-water crowd began to sit up and take notice.

"What's he going to do with that acid?" demanded one.

"It's a secret," answered the drug clerk.

"Nothing unusual, I hope?"

"Well, rather."

"What! You mean to say he is going to take that acid?"

"Oh, no. Listen. There is a silver wedding at his house tonight and he is going to test the presents as fast as his fingers bring them."

And then and there they voted him the meanest man in town.

### Chinese Death Penalties

China has just received from France its first guillotine. It will be set up inside the new prison, as according to recent regulations, executions will no longer be public. The penalty of death, as laid down in the old code, had six degrees—death by torture, immediate decapitation and exhibition of the head; immediate decapitation without exhibition of the head; decapitation after some months, immediate hanging and hanging after some months. According to the new code the death penalty is in four degrees—immediate decapitation, deferred decapitation, immediate hanging and deferred hanging.

What They Intended to Do

"I hear," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Mr. Goodman intends to leave his fortune for the purpose of founding some kind of an eleemosynary institution."

"My good gracious!" exclaimed her hostess, as she tried to pick a chunk of paint from a genuine Rembrandt. "Why should he want to do that? I think if he didn't want to leave it to his family he'd give it to charity. That's what we and Josiah intend to do with ours."

Warning to Fies

Atlantic City has begun war on the flies by posting official bulletins relative to the subject in all the markets and stores. Even now we can see a flutter among the flies, and after reading the bulletins they will undoubtedly flee across the meadows to Pleasantville and disappear into the woods.

### LAND OF THE COMMON PEOPLE

In America a Sense of Manhood and Equality Is All-Pervading, Says Englishman.

America, writes Joseph Burt, an Englishman, is a young giant who has fought for and won a virgin land and the sweat of his toil is upon him. In his eyes are the hopes that move the world, and as he gazes on his bride nothing seems too high for their united destiny. We of the same stock are proud of the magnificence of this new champion in the world's tourney; and yet to us, who remember our long centuries of painful growth and see England as she still is, the simple faith of the American in time and material progress is pathetic. It is the optimism of a boy who thinks all will be right when he is a man. I loved America before I went there, and words can tell what it was to me to see for the first time the happiness and freedom of the common people and the wealth and abundance in which they live. I paced the streets of Boston last September, thrilled by the possibilities of human life as I saw them before my eyes. A cabman is my natural enemy and cheats me when he can, but even the cabman who drove me to the boarding house seemed a friend; and the girls in their offices moved about their work like queens, conscious of their womanhood and knowing that no man could make them afraid.

In all I spent four months traveling and lecturing in the eastern cities of the states and met many men of varied classes. In my wildest dreams for the race I had never foreseen such wealth, such freedom, such equality. America is the land of the common people, as England is the land of the classes. If I were a young working-man I would go to the states as soon as I could earn a passage, because once on her soil, I should cease to be a laborer and become a man—which is a very different thing. Better than the boundless wealth America, better than any material benefit she can bestow, is this sense of manhood and equality that is as all-pervading as the air.

### DANGER IN COOLING OFF

When Terribly Warm One Should Take Hot Rather Than Cold Water Baths.

When much overheated do not be ambitious to cool off too quickly. It is fraught with danger, especially by the feed water route.

When terribly warm take hot rather than cold water baths, and put hot water on the back of neck and wrists. This is good for any overheating, especially if there is a sense of blood in the head and dreadful flushing as it induces speedy perspiration.

If you will not be converted to the hot water cure at least do not pour cold water down or over you. Slip your drinks and sponge the wrists and neck with cloths wrung from ice water.

The habit of applying lumps of ice to wrists and base of brain or of getting into a cold bath or under a shower when dripping with perspiration is deleterious.

Never be foolish enough to get between sheets wrung from cold water. It will cool you, doubtless; also make you a rheumatic for life.

Don't feel that there is nothing more cooling than to make ice cream on hot days. Handling of ice with bare hands is dangerous no matter what the temperature. Wear rubber gloves.

How Would You Like It?

"How would you like to be the treasurer and have to sign checks for the Papiermacherei-Gesellschaft?" That is the name of an organization of German papermakers.

says a New Yorker, writing from the Black Forest. "They celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of this ten-syllabled society recently and we met a delegation of about two hundred and fifty on their way to Goslar. A fine company of men and women they were, but we wondered how much of the speechmaking time would be taken up by the name and what effect the liquid refreshment, which is always an important factor in excursions of that kind, would have on its pronunciation. Papiermacherei-Gesellschaft— isn't that the limit?"

Newly Discovered Pleasure

The honeymoon had gone the way of all honeymoons, and their first quarrel was on.

"Of course," he sneered, "you'll pack up and go home to your mother now."

"What, and lose all the excitement of quarreling with you?" she retorted. "Well, I guess not!"

Center of Toughness

Inquiring Tourist.—Would you call this a tough town?

Stray Native.—Tough. Say, stranger, when we have Old Home week here detectives all over the country come and pick out just who they want!

The Tendency

"So you bid the returned hero a tremendous welcome home?"

"Yes. We gave him so much entertainment when he landed that he didn't really get home for two days."

### SOME MAN SOME DAY

May Make A Medicine To Cure Bright's Disease

Rheumatism, Stomach And Bladder Trouble

The Equal of

SAN-JAK

But Not Yet

It Is The Only Medicine Which Enables You To Keep A Perfect Balance Between The Eliminations And Renewals of The Body.

Decay Of The Body In Old Age Is Unnatural.

Permanent wastes of the system can be avoided by taking San-Jak making each day a birthday for the person who has a bottle of this great medicine on hand. Read and learn how to cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lame Back and Stomach Diseases.

When the products of exhaustion reach the brain and deaden the nerve centers as is the case with all old people, limiting their ability to think and act unless they have the power to oxidize the acids that accumulate during sleep and, eliminate them, they had better get a bottle of Dr. Burnham's San-Jak. I am 80 years old and have kept a bottle of this medicine in my house during the past year and take a dose quite often so I know it helps to give strength and activity.

E. O. Kelley, Lansing, Mich.  
311 Washburn St.

Mrs. M. I. Brown, mistress of the Butter House, Lansing, Mich., says: "One year ago I was in very poor health, sick and weak from that much dreaded disease, kidney trouble, called Bright's Disease by physicians. I have taken about one dozen bottles of San-Jak and have no symptoms of old trouble to annoy me. I give this letter for the benefit it may be to others."

E. S. Hough, Ex-Judge of Probate, Lapeer, Mich., says:

"I bought a bottle of San-Jak from E. A. Snowman, the druggist of Lapeer. I felt I was 100 years old with great distress of the stomach and a drowsy, sleepy feeling, which the medicine has corrected. I cheerfully permit the use of this letter for the benefit of others."

Edgar S. Hough.

Lapeer, Mich. March 10, 1903.

Mrs. T. H. Curtis, R. F. D. No. 2, Lapeer, says: "I wish to tell you how much good your San-Jak has done me. I have had the rheumatism and liver trouble 17 years. Sometimes my feet and limbs were so swollen I could not wear my shoes. I have taken one and one-half bottles of your remedy. The blood has all gone down. The pain has gradually left and the stiff joints are getting more limber. I think three or four bottles of your San-Jak will cure me completely. Most thanks in words is a feeble way of telling how grateful I feel for the benefits bestowed upon me by your medicine."

We will give \$100 to any church or charitable institution if these testimonies are not genuine.

Have you Kidney, Liver, Stomach or Bladder Trouble?

Are you a Rheumatic, with Backache, Varicose and Swollen Limbs?

Take Dr. Burnham's

SAN-JAK

It restores the aged to health and youth. No remedy equal to San-Jak as a blood tonic. The tired feeling leaves you like magic.

J. F. Roe, 41 E. Main St., Battle Creek, says: I wish to state that your San-Jak cured me of Bright's disease after the local doctors said I could not live.

W. E. Curtis, Optical Parlor, Battle Creek, Mich., says San-Jak cured him of catarrh of the head and throat which was so chronic as to cause great deafness, his general health is better than for several years having gained ten pounds in two weeks. He says it is a duty he owes his fellow men to permit the use of this letter, knowing that the same San-Jak has secured others of my friends whom I suggested they try it. He says it is good to be rid of the constant hawking, coughing, scraping and to sleep nights without being disturbed with the constant coughing and night sweats.

San-Jak is sold by the Central Drug Store, Grayling, Mich.

Mfg. by San-Jak Co., Chicago, Ill.

## PAINTS!

we make

HOUSE PAINTS

FLOOR PAINTS

BARN PAINTS

BUGGY PAINTS

WAGON PAINTS

IRON PAINTS

ENAMELS

VARNISH STAINS

SHINGLE STAIN

AND SPECIAL PAINTS

FOR EVERY PURPOSES

Pitkins Paints

having been on the market nearly half a century, and are fully guaranteed.

PITKINS BARN PAINT

manufactured by

The Peters-Pitkins Co.

—is the—

BEST.

For sale by

SALLING HANSON CO.

aug 18

Probate Notice

STATE OF MICHIGAN

The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

In the matter of the estate of John Bellor, mentally incompetent.

Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of an order of said court, made on the first day of August A. D. 1910, I shall sell, at public auction, on the 10th day of October A. D. 1910, at one o'clock in the afternoon at the Court House in the Village of Grayling in said county, the